

CAVALCADE

March 15



After the
"A" Bomb—
What?

By MARK HOPE • Page 4

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after the bomb ... what?

MARK HOPE



What horrors await those who survive in the shadow of an Atom-Bomb war.

A Atom-bomb has been

There has been a great flash of light, equal to 100 suns. In less than a millionth of a second, the equivalent of ten thousand hydrogen bombs 20,000 tons of T.N.T. has released nuclear electrical energy to keep a 100-watt bulb burning for 20,000 years. A blinding ball of fire, regulating a temperature over 1,000,000 degrees,

radiating, has leaped across the sky.

Three concentric waves of force have roared down on your city.

The first two—shock wave, together with invisible, penetrating nuclear radiation, deadly gamma-rays and neutrons—have struck simultaneously. A second later, a blast wave has followed.

Your city has been crushed under

a great hand; and above it—like a funeral pall—has spread a huge mushroom of dust and smoke and debris and human wreckage.

If you have been within half-a-mile of the centre of the explosion, you will probably not be surprised: you will almost certainly be dead.

Short, minute, intense, sporadic, within the mile-wide circle, there will be complete destruction. Small masonry buildings will all have collapsed; light buildings too, will have been demolished, only the twisted frames of skeletons of steel will remain.

Indefinably few people will survive. They will have been killed by blast, buried by falling buildings, buried to death, given fatal doses of radioactive radiation.

The heat wave which preceded the blast-front will have lasted for three seconds, leaving a four-mile circle, flesh-free, will have flared everywhere. Most human beings will have suffered severe skin-burns . . . either fatal or causing permanent injury.

Then, at last . . . perhaps twenty minutes later . . . perhaps even sooner . . .

the "fire-storm" has crept down . . . walls of fire fanned by winds blown into the furrows of the city from all directions and reaching twenty to thirty miles an hour at their peak.

It is impossible to assess the loss of life from this "fire-storm." More than half the deaths and three-quarters of the injured at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were caused by burns from blast-blast and ordinary fire . . . and at Hiroshima alone 10,000 perished.

But—most terrible of all—there has been the wave of invisible energy which has struck until hundreds with "radiation-sickness" that de-

stroyed human cells in the bone, marrow, blood, and living tissues.

From this wave, Gamma-radiation (X-ray) will have dealt death at least 400 feet from the bomb-centre. Victims will have been left for more than half-a-mile. At 400 feet you will have had more than a fifty-fifty chance of being assassinated by this nuclear poison, even though you had sheltered yourself behind 12 inches of solid concrete.

Not all "radiation-sickened" victims, however, will have died immediately. The ones will have varied. Some will have felt varying degrees of shock, possibly within a few hours, in the next day or so as they will have been rocked by spasms of nausea, vomiting, and diarrhoea; a raging fever will have been the signal of the end.

With others, "radiation-sickness" will have subsided after two or three days and the patient will have seemed to recover, never suspecting that profound changes are taking place in the body. There will have been no warning when the earlier symptoms suddenly reappeared. The delicate patient will have died mortally, his throat will have swelled; his hair will have fallen out and his normal organs degenerated before he sinks into coma. Death will have occurred within two weeks.

All these grotesque scenes have happened—but are, what?

These ask the question—or, rather, the question—do you want answers.

To begin with, has your city become an abiding abomination, too "hot" with radioactivity to be entered in safety?

This is an open question. If your levels happened to register high in the air, the odds that your city is untenable will be extremely small.

Scientists claim that—though the radioactive residue of the bomb must eventually fall to earth—the scale over which the residue will be distributed would almost completely discount any real danger.

On the other hand, if your bomb has exploded underwater at intermediate or undegressed, the sprays of water and dust will have been so radioactive that your city may have become uninhabitable for a period no one can predict.

And there is a third—and woe-possibility. Perhaps—quite apart from the bomb—after radioactivity has also been deliberately sown in our city? So far, science has been unable to prove that this cannot be done.

The use of concentrated radioactive poisons (igkeit from the monoblast) has already been investigated by Professor Hans Thoenig, a German physicist, and Professor Louis N. Bolzoni, of the Illinois (U.S.) University. Their recent researches have shown that "a particularly vicious form of lethal gas" can be made in an atomic pile during the processing of Plutonium.

"When a city has been contaminated by the gas," Professor Bolzoni states, "no one without the proper scientific instruments has any means of knowing whether he has been affected. He may receive a lethal dose two weeks before he even comes to be in suspicious, and yet a few days later he may be dead. The only ones who have a slim chance of surviving are those who die at once, with a folded, disengaged handkerchief covering nose and mouth."

Professor Thoenig goes even further. He has warned the world of what he has named "The Death Seal."

"The Death Seal," he declares, "is the lightest and most transportable of all weapons of mass destruction. It is prepared by drying a water solution of the deadly radio-active salts in a sand or metal powder. This mixture will yield radium equal to that given off by 200 lbs. of uranium for every one kilogram (or fraction more than 12 lbs.) of Death Seal."

As 200 lbs. of this "seal" could demolish 144 square miles of country, the grim probabilities are obvious. Distracted scientifically, it could drag your return to your city almost indefinitely.

But perhaps even such a calamity as this might be overcome. You city might be physically devastated, with chemicals, by blower with wet sand or water; high-pressure cleaning was done with the U.S. ships at Bikini, or by some newer process which has not as yet been devised.

Here you are immediately faced by a second question: What about people? You are still alive, but have you really escaped harm?

Again this is an open question. In Japan, the U.S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission is still studying long-distance effects of the Pacific War explosions.

One of the Commission's latest findings has revealed that—more than five years after the attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—eye-examiners have begun to take an interest in the survivors. As at writing, about forty certain cases of "radiation" cataract have been located; and another forty cases are suspected. Most of these were within 1,000 feet of the point above which the bombs exploded.

Ophthalmic studies have been established for annual statistical follow-up; but what they will disclose, only

the future can tell. Until then, you cannot avoid the possibility that—if such hitherto-unknown reactions are to prove wide-spread—others much longer delayed and more insidious will come to light.

Which obviously gives rise to a third question. Even if you yourself are apparently unscathed, what of your children still unborn?

Nobel Prize winner, Professor H. J. Muller, a world-famous geneticist, has already predicted that the offspring of survivors of atomic bombings may be abnormal, either physically or mentally. His deductions are based on work he has been doing with fruit-flies, for he has found that fruit flies, hatched from eggs that had been exposed to German X-ray rays, were born monstrous. Many of these monsters died because they were too monstrous; others, however, survived and some even lived till

they pass the fourth-and most important-question?

Can the entire life of the world be destroyed by atomic bombardment?

At last, there is a definite "No" for our question.

A report just now issued by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission states bluntly: "To constitute a world-wide risk, something like a million atomic bombs of normal size would have to be detonated . . . roughly one to each 360 square miles of the earth's surface. Clearly, the situation is highly improbable."

So whatever else happens — it seems very far indeed on that.

No matter how terrible the toll of death and suffering may be, some of you will still live on as normal human beings.

Though many children may be born crippled, there will be others who will perpetuate the species . . .

An atom bomb or an atom bomb, it seems understood that the world—and human life upon it—will somehow or other continue to carry on.



It has been estimated, however, that at least 200,000 births must be studied before anything but large abnormal changes can be traced with efficiency. So far, only about 25,000 births have been investigated. Here, too, a decision must be left to manpower.

And the threat of children being transformed into human weapons, natu-

THE ECHOES ANSWERED "Gold!"



CEDRIC L. MENTERPLAY

A trail of death and horror led to the rainbow gold which men sought deep in the heart of the Klondyke.

In 1898, a man stood on the lowest spot of the earth's surface and yelled "Gold!" he could hear the echoes go clear round the world and back to him without a murmur of reply.

Jesse McPherson told me that, as he sat on a hillside of his boat landing in the flood country of New Zealand, when a ripple of excitement ran through the town, Gold in the Klamath! Gold to be shoveled up into barrels like road metal!

The echoes to their owners, so far, only nearly heard "You die in rockin' laughter in the depths," were barren rock—but the tap was always there!

He was in Wellington, capital against of New Zealand, when a ripple of excitement ran through the town. Gold in the Klamath! Gold to be shoveled up into barrels like road metal!

There was no Twentieth Century

country in those days. Every town and settlement in Australia and New Zealand was full of rough, tough young men who had already crossed the world to seek their fortunes.

Most of them, like Jessie and his pal Pete Holmes, had worked their passage in hard-driven sailing ships all the way from Britain or a sailing vessel and landed.

By now all the word was round the port. The famous "Korribah Law" was unknown farther west than Wellington Harbor. Suddenly the discharge was spewed up by the thousands of rugged adventurers.

No money was required. Captain L. Holmes, who was placed in charge of the expedition, was a Swedish-born navigator, who was to serve Wellington as a pilot for 24 years.

In a few days Wellington was sold out of picks, shovels, working pens, traps, and other things likely to be of use in the hardy sheep. Thirty hours were spent ashore, to lose the fruitful prospect of a month-long journey to unpeopled walls on the already cluttered dock. Drugs were provided by a potion druggist named Wood, later to invent a certain Guest Peppermint Cure.

The crowded barges hauled out of Wellington into a howling maelstrom.

The worst sufferers were the human fourteens of them had to be buried over in the first week; but by then the continually bad blows itself out. Captain Holmes took the barges inside the Coast Barrier Barl and cleaned her northward at a fast clip.

At last the barges got around the Cape, worked her way through Torres Strait, and headed into the Gulf of Carpentaria.

And there—the landing! There was a dirt, mud-blasted beach, a makeshift wooden stage for small boats, and a yelling horde of people on the shore. Boats came off. The first was manned

by an Australian aristocrat, who was already in business in the United States. Red-faced cutters lighted most of the tools and supplies ashore. With with excitement, the would-be diggers sorted and packed their gear and lugged it to what prove to be known as Three-Mile Camp.

There, after a few days of frenzied preparation, diggers, but then streaming down the long, barren trail from the Klamathays came party after party of rugged and exhausted men. Some were crippled except for a Jonestown or the remains of a broken pair of trousers, many were bashed and bleeding. They were the dappled—the early anti-staggering buck to civilization—that two months of fruitless groping for gold.

A press started at Three-Mile Annex spread itself along everywhere in the vicinity. Double-barreled guns that had cost \$10 were sold for a pound each, revolvers by the dozen, charged rounds at 50¢, and four horses went at \$10. Then the majority packed up what little gear remained to them and retreated.

In a few days nearly 2000 men were in Darwin, digging in the hard, reddish soil with fever and desperation. The "Korribah Law" was gone, and no other ship was in sight.

Pete and Jessie did not give up easily. Satchel or other they acquired a horse—all traps and rifles passed, but it served their great through 200 miles of hellish desolation to the Klamathays.

Taking their pack of equipment discarded on the trail, Jessie and Pete arrived better fitted out than ever had left Wellington. They sold the horses and some of the gear right there. Jessie writes they are the same all the following week at half-a-crown a portion, an an opportunity Chinese herb-booths, and prepared for a claim. There were

A WARNING OF PITFALLS
AWAITING WISTFUL
WOLVES

Men are moulded much alike
Just a band of brothers
But women claim that some men are
Much rougher than others.

—LAKON

plenty to choose from. Around the site of the original strike, the rocky ground was pock-marked with a thousand holes, most of them already dried.

They picked out one of these and went to work. It was the last stage of their quest for that quick wealth—*a-ka-dak* showed holes in the ground, a pick and shovel, and a temperature sufficient to fry a man's brains.

And then, unbelievably, they struck it! Not much, it is true, but enough to allow them to quit with an handsome profit. It was a pocket, no more—first dust, then a little charcoal of course, then more dust, and finally nothing. The lot made a heavy little bag that a man could lift easily in one hand. They dug on for a full week before they were sure there was no more.

"Time to go," said Jessie over evening after their meal of tea and dinner. "There's a trail I'll be following down to the Goldfield. There's falsey there, and a man may rest not look at the prospectors around him."

"Hold with that!" grunted Pete. "But you're right. We'll get out to the coast, drive up—then I'll grab a boat to another field."

For three days they searched the diggings for horses, but not a one could they find. Only a few dozen miners remained now, and the Chinese were wringing the last gouty private from the field. Then they found something they decided would do—a wheelbarrow!

It was a great clumsy Oriented affair of a barrow, with the wheel in the centre and the tray built round it, but the load was surprisingly balanced that way. They piled it with dried food, the best of that sort, and as much water as they could get and set out.

It wasn't so easy. Treacherous sand and sponge-stony areas held upped their strength, so that after the first few days they were rattling less than 15 miles from prospect to prospect. They began to drive their iron everything but the wheelbarrow.

The day after they changed the gun, the "barrow" proved them. Jessie swore they were bailed up with their own guns. They stood and fought, but there were no tough spuds there and the rebound was well-timed. Jessie stood in stunned awe and turned to escape another while a shotgun blazed from cover and his knee buckled beneath him. Something hit him behind the ear.

When he came to it might have been hours or days later. His first feeling was that he was moving, rolling forward somehow in a坐姿 position, his wounded leg stuck out stiffly before him. Then he found he was on the wheelbarrow, lying back against the wheelbarrow. Pete was in the harness behind him, prodding steadily ahead.

Jessie does not know how long he lay on that harness. He has no re-

collection of talking with Pete, but he knew only that the gold was gone, that they had been left for dead by the Chinese, and that Pete had managed to treat his own wounds, clean and splint Jessie's broken leg, and had him on the harness.

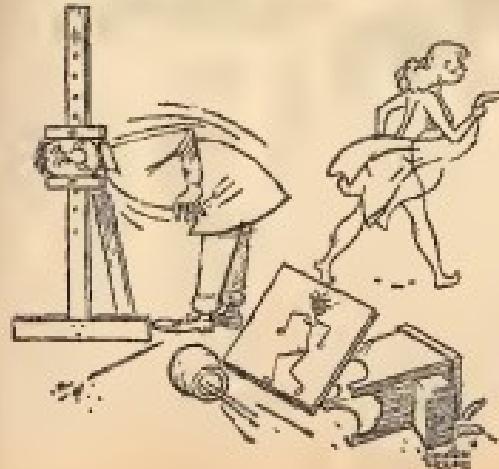
It wouldn't have been less than 200 miles—it might have been much more, Jessie remembers pleading with Pete to stop him and the harness and go on alone, remember the old fire saying nothing, the unshakable firms conserving its energy for the main effort. And Pete Rohan, gold-digger extra-de-well, rolling stones, expert all-gold control, finally made it.

When they reached the coast, both men were delirious. The diggers who found them had to prise Pete's hands

loose from the shafts. Jessie had a cracked skull, bursting wounds to the head and right leg, and a bone which was already knifing slowly. It was sufficient to keep him down and helpless for more than three weeks.

"What becomes of him?" I asked.

The old Scoundrel struggled. "He heard of another mine, of course a lost, as he said. I did a rite of propitiatory myself, after that, but never did I find him. But take heart, lad—if ye ever run across Pete Rohan—he'd be fit or therapeutic—tell him Jessie McPherson's got a tidy bunch in the Gold country, where a man can look at greenness—an' half belongs the man!"



DOORBELLS AND

GERALD REYDEN-BROWN

SCREWBALLS



These door-to-door housewives who implant you day after day "just to look at their samples" have their own

MAYBE someday, I'll give up my journalism and go to work. And if I do, I've got my job all picked out. I'm going to sell from house to house to the refrigerator, check the radio, roadsters and things, or even just old trunks!

I decided this after a yarn the other day with a chap named . . . well, just call him Bill.

Bill has spent a lonely long . . . and lonely . . . life as what I would call a door-to-door housewife. He has carried every possible variety of gadget (gas, electric, water or spring)

driven! He has taken lots of names for the census. He has sold everything from insurance to aspirin, and collected for such onder companies as his pension fund.

Last to Bill:

I was peddling "Suckers" (cigarettes) on the North Shore a while ago. Now, girl opened the door. Looked at me through the hadn't been married long. She said she'd like to see a demonstration of the machine, so I began to set it up. After a minute or so the amazed housewife, saying she'd be back in a

moment, I waited for about 30 minutes, then I heard a key in the front door and a mouth-voiced woman walked in.

With her eyes stocking out, she asked what I was doing there. I said I was waiting to give a demonstration to the lady of the house. The old gal gave a squeak and ran for her bedroom. I heard her phone for the police.

When they arrived, I gathered the young papa had been a cut bargee. He'd get away with a snap-dough and jessoppy. I never did give a demonstration in that house!

You'd be surprised the terrible people can come. There are the "Will you help me?" experts. Have I HAD them? They don't want to hear anything, but they need a strong man to help them. It may be to bring a picture or to move a piece of furniture. Perhaps the lights have fused or the gas has gone off. Maybe a window has stuck, or a key won't turn in the lock.

The things I've been asked to do! I've cleaned a blocked drain, put water in a gas meter at one house, and taken some out at another. I've credit a country store (and parents twice). I've cleaned out drains and raised a stiff because I was asked to remove some damp tiles from the double walls of a bathroom.

More than once I have been asked to button up dresses, once to be a dress bow for a man. Why he was wearing full evening dress at 11 in the morning, I'll never know.

Sometimes I have been asked to run errands. Perhaps to the local butcher or grocer. "Because I have something on the nose and I can't leave it." I talked to one woman about a new radio for two hours. She looked at my catalogues and listened, agreeing with everything I said. But when I brought out the form with the dotted line, she gasped

Oh, but we don't want a radio! We're leaving for England on Wednesday!"

I said "Madam, please? Why don't you tell me that before instead of allowing me to talk for two hours?" She smiled brightly. "Oh, but my husband will be along about six o'clock, and I wanted to see if you had some good references I could give him."

Yet some people are decent. I often get a cup of tea, now and then a beer. Lunch is not unusual, especially when I've made a sale. One woman wanted me to come back that evening and make a fourth at bridge, but I figured my husband would take a dim view of that.

I was asked once to take two kids for the day while I did my rounds in the service car. Mum wanted to spend the day in town. I agreed that done; but it's hard to understand the mentality of a woman who will trust two young children—either at that—with a total stranger.

I've walked into some beautiful family houses, too. On a refrigerator service job, I separated a young couple who might otherwise have killed each other. We drink the beer that was in the refrigerator . . . after I'd fixed it. Then the terrible bottle goes open and the pin of three turned on me!

Dogs are another instance. I've lost several pairs of pants to dogs, but the owners have always replaced them.

. . . the pants, not the dogs. On the North Shore, near Pymble, I was walking up the drive of a fine home. I was carrying refrigerator tools and a short bottle of sulphur dioxide which smells!

Suddenly a huge Alsatian came galloping down the drive, with teeth all bared and snapping. The thing could have taken off an arm or leg. I dropped the tools and armed the steel

MLOW-MLOW DEPARTMENT. So help us, listen this from Hollywood: reports a conversation between two junior glamour girls . . . you know, the kind who'd just love to lead one of those hot and fancy riding rates usually reserved for top-flight stars. Exclaimed the first: "Isn't it wonderful! Anne Allyson's having a baby!" Second sister replies with wonderment: "What's so wonderful about that?" she asks, "I thought you loathed the *Allyson*?" "That's right, I do," replies Sister One promptly. "But she'll be off the stage for a whole year, and maybe now I'll get a chance."

—From *Photoplay*, the world's greatest motion picture magazine.

bottle at the dog. Just before he passed, I opened the valve and allowed a stream of liquid starch to sweep that horrid fat in the face. I never saw a dog stop so quickly, look so hurt or disappear so rapidly!

At one house a woman assured me that her enormous Airedale was chained up. He was—in a steel collar—running down the side of the house. I came in at the gate and the Airedale came down the lane like a mad thing! I passed a iron ring out.

"You . . . dogs and me . . . we're always. Whenever I see one, I remember an oldtime . . . you might call him one of the grand-daddies of modern salesmen . . . because carpet-burners weren't as frequent in his day.

Well, this oldtimer was a green-grocer and he wandered round a certain Australian country town in a horse and cart.

He had a way of suddenly-upping the horse by kicking to and fro on the reins so if he was passing a boot-shoer who was why they called him "The Scoldier" . . . "The Scoldier" would have

been a better name if you ask me. Anyway, there was a house on "The Scoldier's" rounds where they harboured two large and blood-thirsty cockatoos.

When "The Scoldier" first made the acquaintance of these cads, he was prepared to treat them as nothing—acquaintances, if not honest friends. The cockies made very good acquaintances until they were on "The Scoldier's" books. Then they leaped at him like two ravenous wolves.

"The Scoldier" just had time to lead them off with his basket before departing at speed. He passed through the front gate safely . . . but to left the rest of his produce inside.

Naturally, he reached the obvious conclusion that his life was endangered by visiting that house, but he couldn't afford to lose a customer . . . not in those days.

He presented the housewife with an ultimatum. He would throw the vegetables over the fence if she would too back the money into the street. On no other condition would he give pause at the dwelling.

He was the only green-grocer in

town, so there was nothing else for it. She did . . . and the housewife did . . . and it continued as long as the cockies lived.

It kept many wondering that both parties seemed so mysterious circumstances not many months afterwards.

Sometimes a gal will extract even the mildest. It happened to me, once. I was doing Webster, Sydney, with orders of all types. I walked past a dilapidated weatherboard shack thinking it would be a waste of time to call.

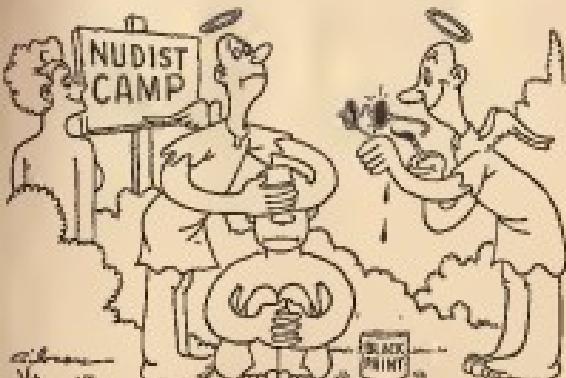
As I was leaving the house next to the shack, an old woman part her hair over the fringe and asked what I was selling. I told her. She grunted. "Huh. As a matter of fact, I want one. What do they cost?"

I showed her the catalogue and quoted prices of everything from small models at a few quid to a

monstrous console job that had a massive dual-wave radio, an electric microphone, a small cocktail cabinet and record storage. The price of this poky's dream was \$125—in those days—said, believe it or not, that was what the old gal bought! Not only bought, but paid for it cash with notes from a tea candle. She ordered a hundred records . . . and paid cash for them, too. I labelled the set next day for her, and the door of the shack was so uneven that I had to build the legs of the console up with scraps of wood.

I've met a lot of people in the business—dopey gals, but few salesmen ever stuck it. Somewhere, I think most of them got disengaged after a while. I don't blame them.

For a student psychologist, the job of course would give more education in a week than two years in a classroom. You, I know!



SILVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . No. 11.

Loughnane was more than a tennis champ—she was tennis itself; but impetuosity took her too far.

FRANK BROWNE



the Sauciness of SUZANNE

THE crowd that packed the Wimbledo
ns Centre Court stands that summer day in 1938 was stunned.

The legend of the tennis magnifi-
city of Mrs. Lambert Chambers
was being broken. Still, general
easy faith a champion to appear-
ance, the seven-time Wimbledo
title holder had never been pushed
right out before.

Of course, her mind had youth on
her side, being a mere twenty.
Playing on grass for the first time
in her life, after the hard courts of

her native France, she had raced
through the eliminating rounds in
impressive style. But nobody ex-
pected her to give Mrs. Chambers
such red trouble.

Yet, here at the end of the first
game, in the first set, was Mrs. Chambers
looking worried. Her oppo-
nent had taken the first game without
losing a point.

The astonished crowd saw the
challenger—an extremely ugly,
gawky-faced girl—pile up a total of
four games, hitting with a force that

had never before been seen from a
woman.

Then the champion's courage got
to work. She got her opponent to
run into the net, and began passing
her with subtlety.

The 4-4 line dropped to 4-1, con-
the score was 4-1. The title-holder
had a love at the next game, the
score became 5-1. The challenger
served and went to forty-love.

Mrs. Chambers then showed why
she had her reputation. She played
one perfectly judged drop shot,
then got up to win the game—and
then the next—to make the score
6-1. She went into a 4-1 lead,
and required only one point for the
set. The Miss girl at the other end
must have been worried, but she
didn't show it. She got a winning
service passed to her side and took
over only in the next three games
to go to 8-1.

She took the first set at 101.

But Mrs. Chambers made short
work of her in the second set, win-
ning 6-1.

The experts noted how the
challenger looked. Not a less set
than one, they were.

They were amazed when the girl
ran in a kind of 4-1. Mrs. Chambers,
however, pulled up in thirty minutes
the champion led 6-4, and 9-12.
One more point to clinch the title.

She served, the challenger drove
deep to the baseline. Then she
changed the net. Everybody expected
the champion to pass her with one
of the shots that had won so many
points in previous games. Back over
the net. Up she the challenger's racket;
the ball dropped back over
the net in an employable position.

From that point the tide turned.
The challenger took the game, went
on to the set—and the title.

The scene that they wrote on the
scroll of title-holders was Suzanne
Loughnane. She was to win the dif-
ficult title more and establish herself
as the dominant personality, not only in women's tennis, but in
tennis generally.

What she did to Mrs. Chambers

when they met in the final of the

1939 Wimbledo title shows what she

must have been like at her top. She
blasted Mrs. Chambers 6-1, 6-4.

The first expression that people got
from meeting in Loughnane was "what
an ugly woman." She was short and
wight, with a round face where the
outstanding features were an enormous
hooked, Purcell-like nose, and a
very big mouth. Her eye blazed
dreadfully. She a tiger. But her talents
were bunched out there in the centre,
with a racket at her hand, a racket wrapped
in a grip which seemed to all tennis was all wrong—the
place her thighs across the broad front
broad of the hands. There, she
played with the grace of a balloon.

She was, of course, hard to get on with.
From the time that she started playing tennis at the age of seven,
her father, a crazy Frenchman, droned it in to her that not only had
she to be self-sufficient, and inde-
pendent, but that she had to make sure
that she gave nothing away to any-
body. She played to the rules,
but that is all. If a show of temper-
ment would help her in any given
situation, then she turned it on.

She was defeated only once.

This was in 1938 when she went to
Australia to play in the National
Championships. Two days after she
stepped off the ship, without a chance
to practice or get used to the bigger
and harder Australian tennis balls,
Loughnane found herself facing the
title-holder, Mrs. Mable Mallory.

She dropped the first set and won

It must be that Yankees bunt! A National Safety Council official in Chicago was to judge a poster competition. Subject of the poster was "How Not to Run on the Job?" On the way home, the official stopped and broke his arm. Equally weird was the result of overenthusiastic affection. Two friends, rushing to greet one another, collided head-on. One broke his skull; the other his leg.

trifling 2-1 in the second. She walked off the court denouncing everything, an act that the Yankees never forgave her. So Miss Mallory was technically the victor, although nobody in their right mind would ever compare her with the great Suzanne.

In 1938, there arrived in Europe a curl who the Yankees claimed would put an end to the Langlen supremacy. A poker-faced, known law student Helen Wills.

The pair met at Cannes in the final of the Carlton Club tournament.

Off they went. Although Suzanne won the first game to love, it was obvious that Helen Wills was the hottest thing to hit a racket she had struck in seven years. Langlen, playing like a rock, went on to take the set 6-3.

In the second set, Wills turned on the hand-hitting. She really unsettled the French girl, went to a 3-1 lead. Then Langlen slowed the game up and got up to square it at 3-3.

Fortunes reversed until the game went to five-all.

Langlen pulled out to 6-4, and led 8-15 on her own service. Then Wills hit a forehand shot. Somebody called "Out!" The players rushed to the net and shook hands. Spectators and photographers roared onto the court.

Suddenly the voice of the umpire announced that the shot had not been called out by the linesman, but by a spectator. The game wasn't even. Suzanne showed what a champion she was by going back, setting down again, and winning 8-6, to take victory in straight sets.

There is a school of thought, principally American, which claims Helen Wills is the greatest women player of all time. But on records, the pair only met once—and Langlen won.

There is another yardstick. In 1933, after Suzanne had been out of the game seven years, she played with Helen Hull, who was capable of defeating Wills at most times. According to Helen Hull, she found that Langlen was her master at every department of the game.

A few months after the victory over Helen Wills, Suzanne Langlen again came to Wimbledon. It was not only Wimbledon, but Jubilee Wimbledon, the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the All-England Championships, which had grown to become virtual World Championships.

Langlen played her first two rounds and was set down for the Centre Court on the third round.

Queen Mary, one of her warmest supporters, was there in the Royal Box. The time for the game arrived and Langlen's opponent came out. But no Suzanne. Five, ten minutes...and nothing happened. Humour spread like wildfire. Langlen was being difficult; she wouldn't go in. The order in which the matches were being played didn't suit her.

Nothing happened on the Centre Court for forty minutes. The Queen

made inquiries. Awkward silence followed, begun rocking slightly. In the dressing room below, the Langlen set, looking straight in front of her. In came Jean Borrell, the Normandy Bouquet, who had twice won the Wimbledon title, to plead with her.

All nothing doing. Finally, out of the crowd began to hiss. That decided Langlen. She began to get carried, not to play tennis, but to walk out of tennis—if not 1933, sometime thereafter.

So—no bows and kisses and all the cheer that she had known—Suzanne Langlen walked out.

She turned pro and made a tour of the States, but the galleries in America had never forgiven her walk-out of 1933. The Wimbledon standard also cracked. The tour was a financial flop. She retired that year.

Suzanne Langlen died in 1962, aged only 51, having achieved the unique distinction of becoming a legend in her own time.

CUT OFF

By GUY WILLIAMS



YOUR ENEMY

the heart

HOWER SHANNON



Heart disease is rapidly rising to the top of the catalogue of life's trials to humanity.

You will be hearing a lot more about heart disease and associated circulatory ailments in the years just ahead.

This was a recent observation of one of the foremost authorities on the subject in America, Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, medical-physician and

member scientist of the Rockefellar Institute for Medical Research.

The more Dr. Cohn and his fellow scientists and heart specialists delve into their subject, the more they are baffled in their search.

Figures released by the U.S. Public Health Service show that there are

now 4,000,000 Americans with heart disease.

According to the estimates of this government agency—estimates based on the most elaborate survey of the nation ever undertaken—they will be 10,000 deaths this year due to heart and circulatory ailments in this country. Deaths from all other causes will total about the same number. In other words, heart disease now accounts for just about half of all deaths.

The U.S. Health Service study shows that women have heart trouble more often than do men. That can be accounted for by the fact that women live on average six years longer than men. There is a strong indication that this difference in the average life spans of the two sexes is the explanation, since women also have a higher proportion of the less serious circulatory ailments.

It is also notable that heart attacks are not nearly so likely to be fatal as diabetes in the case of women. Only 21 per cent of women die from the usual heart attack, compared to 44 per cent for men. The big killer among men is disease of the heart itself, such as coronary thrombosis, rheumatoid heart and angina pectoris.

A partial explanation of why so little is known about the basic facts of the heart may be that it was less than four centuries ago that circulation of the blood was discovered by William Harvey. He arrived at the modern conception of how the circulatory system functions.

With every beat of the heart approximately 4 ounces of the life fluid are forced into the pulmonary artery which carries it to the lungs. Some one has taken the trouble to figure out that this means that in the course of 70 years the body will

pump enough a total of 100 million gallons. That many gallons of gasoline would propel an automobile a distance equivalent to nearly 200 times the circumference of the earth.

No one to-day even pretends to understand the secret of this bundle of muscle, which never has an attack in two seconds of rest while you are alive.

No other body tissue is even remotely like the heart muscle. None is so complex and so little understood.

There is a great variation among individuals in the rate at which the normal heart beats. It has been found to range from as low as 40 beats a minute to as high as 200. On the average the female heart has 4 more pulsations per minute than the male. That is a new birth—a saying as fast as the best of us adults.

Because of the pumping mechanism itself fall into two main groups—those of the valves and of the heart walls. The most common cause of damage to the valves is an infection, rheumatic or otherwise. Relation of the heart walls is frequently an aftermath of diseases such as influenza. Under any kind of strain or excessive activity there is considerable dilation of the normal heart. But the dilation soon subsides, unless the organ is weakened by disease.

Circulatory ailments, including diseases of the large coronary arteries which surround the heart itself, are almost entirely due to arteriosclerosis or "hardening" of the arteries. As these pass a fatty deposit called cholesterol accumulates in the walls of the arteries, partially closing them and greatly reducing their elasticity. It happens to every one of Adam from birth to old age and begins to be-

ANIMAL ANTICS (CONT.)

Achilleo! A. Adder is nervous about his lot,
Some folks deign to nod to him, but mostly they do not;
The little injuries of the world has our hero no the quick,
The Nation (and the State of it) make him feel rather sick.
He lurks in silent solitude—you might say underground—
And vies with acrobatics the gymnastics of the pause!
He sorrows for the fallers of a democratic ego
And the pleasures others get from it have turned his block with
rage.
He crouches darkly in the shade with lousy, lying head;
It's only when he means to strike, you see his belly's Red.

—JAY-PAY

comes serious for most men and women around 40.

But what about the most serious forms of heart disease, the symptoms and what to do? The two most common causes of sudden and fatal termination of heart activity are coronary occlusion and arrhythmic pectoral. It is one or the other of these which is popularly known as a "heart attack."

Coronary occlusion or thrombosis means simply that one of the main heart passageways or vessels has been plugged for a clot of blood or tissue.

Litter is known as to why the blood may suddenly clot in the passageway through the heart, but there have been a number of recent discoveries of drugs which sharply reduce the tendency. One of the puzzling features of thrombosis is that it usually

comes while the individual is asleep or at rest. Signs of the arrhythmia, however, merit that investigation reveals that there was unusual physical activity or emotional stress in the previous 24 or 48 hours.

You will know it if and when you have such an attack—if you are lucky enough to survive. It is accompanied by an acute agony under the chest bone, extending to one or both arms. The pain comes and goes rhythmically.

"It is the nearest thing to labor pains a man can ever have," is a simple account. "A man experiencing a thrombosis attack往往 in the same rhythmic agony."

In sharp contrast to a thrombosis, attacks of angina are ordinarily progressive, mild at first and becoming increasingly severe. And invariably

they are associated with physical activity, though of a comparatively mild nature. An attack of this nature can be even more excruciatingly painful than a thrombosis. Characteristically, it is a sharp, stabbing pain under the breast bone which usually radiates out to the middle of the left arm and sometimes all the way down the arm. A sense of strangulation is characteristic. There may be a splitting headache for good measure.

Though arrhythmic patterns is more of a circulatory ailment than a disease of the heart, even we males subject to it than women. It is a circulatory ailment in that it only occurs when the coronary arteries which nourish the heart itself are heavily encrusted with cholesterol. That is, when there are so hardened that they can't accommodate themselves to a little extra pressure due to physical activity.

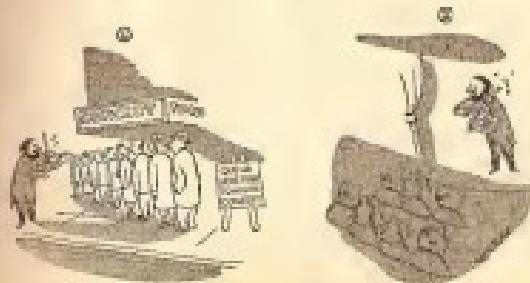
Most of the better specialists today prescribe regular and moderate doses of alcohol for the entire surface. Alcohol relaxes the tissues of the placid liver and there is considerable evidence that it tends to

retard the rate at which cholesterol is deposited in the pipes.

Here is the physicians' prescription of an old and wise San Francisco specialist, Dr. Charles Miner Cooper, for the man with an ailing heart:

1. Bring your weight down to normal. Do it gradually, never overloading the stomach and digesting food excessively only in a moderate way.
2. Cut down the extent and speed of all physical activities. Do nothing that will make your breath come fast from though that means curtailment of some youthful pleasure!
3. Don't work you mind weary.
4. Keep your emotions in check. Go keep when angry or angry.
5. Be cheerful.
6. Stop smoking.

Take a lot of good advice though there is still much dispute among medical bureaus as to whether smoking is harmful to the heart. All are agreed, however, that a middle-aged man who takes a wife 20 or 25 years his junior is gambling heavily.



CANNALADE March, 1951 21

Ripe eggs for Romeo

There has never been a Romeo quite like Mr. Robert Coates for which audiences give pause.

GAY DOYLE



If all the world were a lover, then Mr. Robert Coates ("Romeo") Coates was the ultimate connoisseur provided by genetics to prove the rule.

Not that he's doin' his best to be The Perfect Lover. He did, but — at the very sight of him — the slopes of England became littered with infinitesimal vegetable matter and even-messier hen-brat is nothing a thrashing sheet of greenpaper.

Every bird, of course, has its measure of botanical geek. Yet, besides Mr. Coates, they lack his resonance. Above them all, he was Pure Certified A-Groovy Honey.

It appears that America must accept

some share of responsibility for Mr. Coates. After all, it was on the West Indies island of Antigua that he was born in 1919 — where you'd think a planter couldn't — whose parents were mere diamonds and the dross.

And it was in Antigua that Mr. Coates first set foot upon the board. In 1936 the Antiguans formed a dramatic company. With them, Mr. Coates stepped into the glow of the limelight — which immediately paid below the sparkling brilliance of his unmeasurable pretensions.

An old historian has reported: "Encouraged by the elephant-like trans-

figuration of the board, mounted by the shadow of the Colonel, Mr. Coates (dressed in diamonds) had his second, third, and fourth... until he emerged "Romeo" and adored himself in all. Once Mr. Coates presented himself as "Romeo," clad in a spangled mask of sky-blue silk, crimson pants, and a white hat trimmed with feathers, hat, cloak, powdered, as well as his nose and shoe-buckles, all studded with diamonds.

Antigua cheered in applause. Mr. Coates took the bit in his teeth. He sat, and the England...

He was in his thirties when he descended upon a panting British world of bollards.

Mr. Coates headed no regular chart under the "Romeo" group abroad general. He delivered his lesson of instruction, "Stopped in the middle here (despite the hot and humid weather), seemingly sterilized by a halo of nonstop-coughing gloop; for the light of diamonds was out of his being; under the fire he was in his current cast" (headphones unanswered with frayed lead and diamond), and a very high thin soprano, about which we get a magnificently worded boudoir confessional (quipped with another diamond), his legs were encased in diamond boots, whose tops were decorated with large masses of diamonds."

To this he added a large coach, "shaped like a turtle-shell." Drawn by four snow-white horses, it was painted "a deep lake color." On its doors it carried Mr. Coates' heraldic device — a master craftsman, with sunburst wings and, over it, the motto "While I live I'll sing." To prove everything, the steps of this interminable carriage were also carved in the form of a crowning crest.

It is reported that Beau Brummell

took one long glance at coach and carriage, uttered a dozen bottles of brandy, and retired to his bathhouse for four days.

But Mr. Coates refused to be dismayed. He had come to England to win theatrical triumph — or to die. It may have been only a minor mistake that he was not smothered in his opening night.

Somehow or other, Mr. Coates presented a learned producer appropriately named Diamond to the house.

He selected "Romeo and Juliet" for his premiere. He also selected the paramour which seduced Antigua.

The only explanation why the curtain was not rung down until Act V, is that British audiences also were stunned. But in Act V the stars broke. A howled house was watching while Mr. Coates hit the porch of "Romeo's" porch a coupla' to prove "I think" words. He lunged. The cheerleader, shouting from her bands, phrased it earthwards. With an anguished yell, Mr. Coates was observed to be hopping, one-legged, across the stage as he managed feebly at an injured leg too. Only a rolling retreat into the wings saved him from being crushed to death under an avalanche of rotten apples.

It was a debut which might well have quenched any later ones. Yet to Mr. Coates, within a few weeks, he was repeating his performance. This time those reverent signs of passing coach were storia. Nothing daasier than snare pot had been thrown when Mr. Coates reached the stage. "Oh, let me have, I want no rubber taste!" Unfortunately, he followed this烹ettive play by collapsing on hands and knees and commanding to crawl frenziedly around the stage. "Come off! Come off!" the prompter could be heard barking pitifully. "No!" Mr. Coates was under-

THEATRE a woman who keeps bees in her bedroom. She says she does it for her health. And that 18-year-old Mrs. Evelyn Scott, of Walsallwood, Essex, England. She has been doing her 200 to 300 bees a year . . . but Mrs. Scott doesn't mind at all. She believes the stings keep her free from rheumatism. She has 15 hives in her bedroom. At night, if she cannot sleep, she switches on the light and watches the bees.

used to retort slyishly: "I count my diamond knee buckles first." His audience was so entranced that—except for one gasp—he was allowed to finish the play unassisted.

Which proved to be a very serious mistake. Mr. Coates commanded to be killed for a third performance.

Strangely enough, nothing whatever was thrown on the occasion. The solo audiences were several young blonds who laughed themselves so sick that they had to be carried outside.

Informed by this levity, Mr. Coates glared at the society in the boxes and balconies: "Bucks, have at you all!" Whereupon the gallery promptly rose in a body and—collectively and individually—challenged Mr. Coates to a duel to wive out the result.

Mr. Coates thought it best to ignore them. He was, however, a man who could take a hint. He departed from Romeo and became the villain in "The Fair Penitent" instead. Moreover, he equipped himself with a

bodysuit . . . a *Bureau de Gendarmerie*, who bore the forcible reputation of once having challenged an enemy to mortal combat on the top of Mount Etna, the fallen constable to find his death in the center of the volcano.

To smash metimes Mr. Coates took the precaution of disengaging his mask. For the first night of the "Penitent," he wore 'a close of the newest fashion,' he wrote, "a species of suit like those chased from his shoulders, hung a month of pale silk fringed with bullion; around his neck was a gorget richly set with pearls, at his side was a gold-headed sword; on his feet were silver shoes, fastened with large diamond buckles."

Mr. Coates served as the agent for an audience of one—disarming tumult and a carriage of ripe age. Outfanged and out-garmented, he reluctantly confessed defeat and omitted the last act. The Baron stumbled like King but failed to crash.

Nevertheless, the only noticeable result was that Mr. Coates was ripped (no pun intended) on to even rockier during. The next night, he was again featured in "The Penitent." Popular as it sounds, he was received in an almost holy silence. It may have been out of respect for His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who was among those present . . . or (God forbid, more likely) in the attendance of Prince Child Lovelace and his paramour, who had been lured by a nervous management—but the fact remains that Mr. Coates was even permitted to play the last act.

This was distinctly bad luck for Mr. Coates, who was now representing "a dark soliloquy." In the final scene, while the audience watched "in death throes, a giddy-eyed audience piped at his parrot and from his head and rolled, limp-wrist, to the back-drop. And—when the

lightened violin rose to its full round, a low handclap hit on the stage, clutching at his nose, and it rested on the handclap, like a response positive to resonance when joy was abandoned.

In closing whistlers marked on the score of the next episode, once, the highly-decorated corps entered three separate times.

Which is where Mr. Coates originally decided to demonstrate that he could be The Perfect Lover in fact as well as fancy.

It was another Mission lost. Mr. Coates picked out as the object of his affections a Miss Sybil Long and moments began to pass before he learned that his bodyguard, Duke, was watching her, too. The stage was murmuring deadly threats and Mr. Coates was pallidly afraid when they both discovered simultaneously that the Duke of Clarence had stolen a prior claim.

Mr. Coates—and the Baron—hastily reverting to "Romeo."

Perhaps it would have been better had they spared the Duke. But the mutual cooler were now agreed that when Mr. Coates stopped conducting, he took, not only his own life, but the lives of his fellow players as well, with his hands. He was armed with such precision that he was carried down in "Romeo and Juliet"—his leading lady caught one ferocious clump of hem and snatched, smacking hysterically, at the veranda from which she could not be snatched.

Moreover—according to the histories—"Mr. Coates was often considerably annoyed during the Tombola by shouts of 'Why don't you get off?'"

Not the straw which was to break Mr. Coates' back was deposited one night when "Romeo" had just shown "Juliet."

While Mr. Coates stared distractingly at his victim, a burlesque robber descended disdainfully onto the stage, clapped his wings cynically, and began to crow.

Mr. Coates issued in the correspondingly appalled towel. Abandoning all hope of ever being the Perfect Lover, he determined to become a stud-masted man. He well—when he was just 40—18-year-old Miss Anna Louise.

They lived together for the next twenty-five years until, on February 13, 1936, a queer-looking carriage, drawn by a dirty-pawed horse, dashed along Russell Street just as an old audience ran from a theater. There was "a high, agonized sound like the crowing of a cock."

Mr. Romeo" Coates had been run over by a sharp carbine of his own coach. He died on the following Sunday, aged 72.

The widow vindicated her opinion of him by marrying his best friend in less than twelve months.



the END of Arguments



Can a racing bird fly at 60 miles an hour?

No—but it can do almost anything else. Humming birds can fly forward, backward or reverse, sideways, in the air. The speed with which they get under way and stop, added to their small size and massiveness, of course, gives an impression of terrific speed, but it is remarkable that a hummer bird can reach as much as 50 miles an hour, even for a short distance.

What is the difference between "biological" and "scientific" terms?

"Scientific" terms may be of different origin and be more alike than simple children in the same family. Each is produced by a separate cell. "Biological" terms are produced by the splitting of a single egg cell (ovum) after fertilization. They are always of the same sex and blood group and have a close resemblance, both mental and physical.

Have we ever got cold at the Equator?

Sometimes. Temperatures range about equal from month to month on the equator if you stay at sea level. Ocean Islands, on the Pacific, near the equator, have a mean temperature of 12 in January and about the same in July. Few islands, exposed to trade winds, are not so hot as inland islands, such as in Africa and South America. But altitude may make all

the difference. Quite, in Ecuador, Barquero stands on the equator, but it is 10,000 feet above the sea and has one of the most temperate climates in the world.

Are there any United States roads without a speed limit?

Several, mostly in the Middle West have no legal speed limit. The law merely demands that driving be "reasonable and proper." This permits traffic enforcement against careless or reckless drivers. Other roads however, have set speed limits. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, for example, 70 miles an hour is legal top.

What is the distance from the earth to the sun?

By latest calculations made by Dr. Donald B. Brewster, director of Yale University Observatory, the mean distance to the sun is 93,000,000 miles, with a probable error of 30,000 miles either way. This compares favorably with the commonly used figure of 92,000,000 miles (with an uncertainty of 10,000 miles), announced some years ago by the Astronomer Royal of England, Sir Howard Speechley James. The United States estimate is based on 2300 calculations during the years 1902 to 1942 for the exact time when the star passed between the earth and a selected star. The British calculations are based on observations of the same planet, Mars.



TURKEY TROT

Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers, look what they're doing in America now! Miami Beach has come up with a new one—they're staging super-charged Turkey Hunts there! That's these girls, Sunny Yager and Delores Wilson; their costumes are supposed to be authentic Indian—well, we don't know about that—but the problems are certainly real. How did the girls manage it? Turn the page and see.



Here it is . . . but they had a choice of bows and arrows . . . but someone must have told them what happened when Thompson shot an arrow into the air, remember? It fell to earth, he knew not where . . . and he probably got fined as a public nuisance. They're tender-hearted gits, too . . . so we missed out on the blood-shed.

But where there's a will, there's a way . . . these two mopeys know all the answers . . . and all the tricks . . . they're using a meat and a nice, delicious lunch . . . and we don't blame the turkeys for looking contented about it . . . after all, they're going to end up as guests of Horstel at a dinner-party . . . even if they don't eat

the hangman chose

SILK



The wicked Lord Stourton wasn't worried over anything, but Queen Mary took a poor view.

WALKER HEMET

ABOVE a tomb in England's Salisbury Cathedral there once hung a silver card. Today it has disappeared; but it is still remembered as one of the greatest epitaphs ever to be placed on a murderer's grave.

It was the rockabill which Charles, eighth Lord of Stourton—known to his disapproving contemporaries as "The Walker"—wore when he was buried without apology from the earth.

Lord Charles' family held great estates in Wiltshire—much of it forest.

There was the catch Forest country—a happy hunting ground for poachers—and the Stourtons had strong views about poaching.

These roads of dealing with offenders was messy. Lopped heads, foot stumps and ears disappear with an occasional flaying or a flogging out of eyes that little to endear them to their neighbours. And—worry-

ough—it seems to have done even less to deter poachers—especially a family named Hartfield, to whom poaching was a duty as well as a pleasure.

Charles inherited the title, and the fund between the two died.

He was soon given an excuse to act. Apparently, the Hartfields went too far. They staged a full-scale, daylight raid ("With bows and arrows") over Lord Charles' property.

Lord Charles and his men-at-arms galloped for the Hartfields' village.

But the Hartfields had been warned. Scarcely, they took refuge in the parish church. Unable to conquer on holy ground, the fuming Lord Charles halted outside.

They were still waiting when Stourton's foot-soldiers burst into the churchyard and shot at through the board with a stone-tipped bolt. Hartfield Senior, who was watching from a window, had to be dragged to his death. One of his sons—John—was wounded.

John sped off to seek Royal protection. He obtained justice in London where Queen Mary was holding court. The Queen sent the High Sheriff of Somerset marching to find out the facts.

The Sheriff found that Lord Charles' extortions were truly unscrupulous. He briefly judged the protesting noblemen in the Fleet Prison. The Hartfields cheerfully renounced their lands. Lord Charles buried a silver card alongside him.

The episode seems to have sobered him temporarily. For the next one or two years he was on his best behaviour.

Then the Hartfields tried once more. They petitioned the Queen about Lord Charles' alleged extorting activities. Displaying no conceit which is not very far from wretchedness, the Hartfields rode for

Stourton Castle. They were ambushed on the road, young John Hartfield being left for dead.

It was plain law-enforcement. The incensed Queen again popped Lord Charles into the Fleet. Somewhat leniently, however, she released him on his promise to honour his furlough immediately.

The Hartfields were not so lenient. On the day the manor was to be delivered, Stourton appeared with a small army. For a second time, the older Hartfield took refuge in the church tower. Lord Charles bagged them to distract. The Hartfields miserably complied.

A noble was placed in the churchyard. On it, Lord Charles issued a parson: "Take your money!" He growled. William Hartfield picked up the pence. "So you are paid," snarled the priest. "So you are paid," snarled by Lord Charles, grasping him by the scruff of the neck, "and arrested!"

As he spoke, his men lashed the Hartfields into the church house. There, the helpless farmers were stripped naked. Hartfield Senior and his oldest son were dragged down stairs. They were condemned to be flogged until the flesh had been carved from their bones.

As the exultant hounds were barked barking, the Hartfield son screamed. His throat was slit and he was tapped with his brother's steel stick.

The office was too enormous even for Lord Charles' hardened fellow peers. With four of his men, he was sentenced to death.

The four men hanged from the pollards of Tyburn. But vulgar hangings were too rough for Lord Charles' aristocratic neck. He was decapitated by a silken cord.

Because of his noble blood, they buried him in Salisbury Cathedral. Because of his crimes, they hung the silver card above his tomb. The date was March 4, 1551.

Crime Capsules



WARM WELCOME—Mr. Alexander Wozniak, a 35-year-old displaced per-son, is puzzled about the American way of life. Just disbarred in New York, he found himself confined in the judiciary. Shultz stuck a heavy-set man in a dark suit. Stepped over to him, Mr. Wozniak said politely, "Hello, my friend." The man turned, pulled out a pistol, bashed shot Mr. Wozniak, and disappeared. Mr. Wozniak is now in hospital, suffering from a ruptured wound in the side and a headache that comes entirely by the bullet.

TODD EAGER BEAVER—Curious ends a service station and robbery ap-pearing to serve him, James Mc-Kown, of Detroit, became enraged. Leaping from his car, he started into the service station office. There, two beauties—who had just taken \$100 dollars from the proprietor of gas-pump—looked the customer of Mr. McKown's wallet, too.

BLOTTED COPY—In the United States, copies of autographs seem to be almost as plentiful as circulating dollar bills. A certain Robert Moran, having collected a tidy sum writing fake signatures of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, produced a specimen of the proceedship of the celebrated Confederate's General Stonewall Jackson. Letters, Spring said, written to the General's daughter, Mary. Only

after Spring had sold hundreds of these letters did collectors bother to remember that Stonewall Jackson never had a daughter.

PRIVATE LIVES—Chattanooga (Tenn.) police got a call to go to a citizen's house where domestic trouble was apparently rising. They promptly booked the husband on a charge of disorderly conduct. In court, the husband told his story. "My wife and I were arguing," he said, "and I was afraid I was going to have trouble with her." "Ah," said the judge considerately, "and a poor wife has to prove she doesn't?" "No, sir, not her," the disengaged husband confided. "You see, I was the one who phoned the police to come and get us."

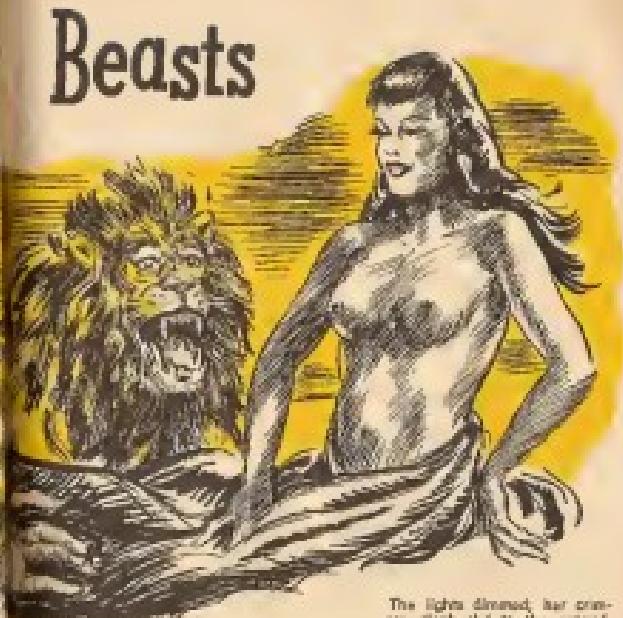
RULES OF THE ROAD—In Northampton (Mass.), Robert Ross parked his car outside a police station while he went inside to buy tokens for a policeman's bell. Coming out of the station, he found a parking ticket in his car. On the other hand, in Philadelphia (Pa.) William Larson's car stalled. A sympathetic stranger helpfully stopped and offered to push. No result. The stranger then suggested that he take the wheel, while Mr. Larson pushed. Mr. Larson pushed; the engine started, so did the summer with the car... however, the stranded Mr. Larson remained as the practitioner.



Beauty and the Beasts

If a gal isn't afraid to chance in a case of *Beauties*—what would you expect to happen when she faced up to a *beast*?

HENRY CAXTON • FICTION



The lights dimmed; her crimson skirt slid to the ground.

THE tall dark man with an umbrella in one hand and a microphone in the other stood in the rain outside the striped tent. A grabble of French, magnified and distorted, surged from the loudspeaker above his head. Behind him, a very blonde blonde sat, "Beauty and the Beast," read the painted men outside the booth . . . or rather, "La Beastie et les Belles."

I paid five francs and pushed

through the open flap into the tent. The only light came from a stage against the curtains. The stage had been turned into a stage with footlights. The bars at the back were hidden by a back-drop decked with white columns against a dark blue background. Two doors led into the stage. Four solid wooden columns stood on the floor.

A tiny bunch of teenagers

wandered; the left-hand door opened and four thin legs slunk on to the stage. They stood blinking.

The back-drop dropped. Through the door to the right appeared the tall dark man. He now wore a shiny top hat, a black moustache, a tail coat, riding breeches and leather boots. Dressed in a tall crimson cloak, tight at the neck and reaching to his ankles. His feet were bare.

so he cracked his whip, but they climbed on to the raised platform.

Once more the door opened. I saw a young girl, with skin like polished rosemary and heavy blue-black hair which seemed to grow over her shoulders like molten metal. She was dressed in a tall crimson cloak, tight at the neck and reaching to her ankles. Her feet were bare.

SHAGGY DOGS ALSO HAVE THEIR LIMITATIONS

I taught my hound to read
and write.

I thought that he'd do
well!

But all he has produced so far
is simply doggerel.

—LADON

For a moment she poised against the back-drop, her face completely expressionless. Then she began to smile so that her crimson cheek flew out in a wide circle about her, exposing her slender naked legs.

Gradually, the fringe of her short skirted a little more. The hair grew wild, puffed from its pores, knocking the whip from the tall man's hand. The man fired his pistol.

It was a blank, of course—and, I suppose, part of the act—but the act did not stop dancing. She didn't even a step. The legs returned reluctantly to its path. The tall man retrieved his whip.

The room changed, the lights dimmed; the girl seemed to hesitate; then halted. The crimson cloth slid to the ground. Not for a flicker though, she was pulled.

Her smooth skin shone with the reflected lights. Her breasts were perfect hemispheres. She had that tiny waist which all artists look for, but thicker still, in their models.

While the audience sat in dead

silence, she slowly prostrated herself before the largest lion. Then, with a little screech she gathered her cloth about her and vanished through the back-drop. The lions were herded from the cage, the men vanished.

I walked home. Pierre, a young French artist whose studio I shared passed me until I told him of my suspicion.

"It must be wonderful," he said, "to possess the true romantic imagination. You should have been born in another age. In the meantime, you will take aspirins and go to bed. I will construct you a love-poem of my own invention . . . rum, cinnamon and a touch of chocolate . . . for I fear you are delirious."

The next night was fine and there was a much larger crowd outside the theater hotel.

I hadn't been able to prevent Pierre from coming with me. The fire-escape sounded, the lions roared in their cages on that back lot. He lay prostrate on the back-step. I gripped Pierre's arm. The door swayed slowly open. A girl was waiting there. I groaned.

It was the girl from the cabaret, her hair frizzy and her powdered cheeks blushed red tawdry above the crimson cloth. "I agree this is truly magnificent," Pierre whispered. "I have always loved fat, pink legs covered with black hair, but . . ."

I left the taxi. Pierre made no attempt to follow me. Ducking under some ropes, I reached the booth. An old curtain was hooked against the screen. The lion tower was bountifully tame; it was about to work when Pierre unexpectedly interrupted me.

"Milord," Pierre was saying, "I wish to pay my respects to Madame . . . I am an artist, sir, and I wish to make sketches of the performances."

"Miser!" snorted hard at Pierre he added curtly. "I think that

would be arranged," he murmured. "I will pay five francs a performance." Pierre offered generously. "But the friend has told me that Madame has an understudy who sometimes takes her place. Can you tell me who she appears, for I desire only Madame?"

The tall man frowned. "Ah, you see the trick one last night?" he snarled. "Gentle is me. You want saved today? It was her only performance."

"Oh, no," I protested. "Leave you or address? I would willingly pay."

Pierre tut-tutted, but the tall man merely looked disengaged.

"I do not know, officer," he explained reflectively. "She paid me 500 francs to dance with my bone . . . to see how they would fit into her suit or some stupidity, she said."

"Piss!" Pierre deplored. "If she went she went somewhere." I told them both.

It took me three weeks to find her. At first I carefully crossed the street. But at last, I had an impulsion. That Grandiose dance of hers was not impulsive . . . perhaps madame have taught her . . . if I saw the teacher?

I had almost given up hope when I arrived at a residence in Montmartre. There a girl danced what was originally described as "a Belgian Temple Dance". . . . She had some slight resemblance to the girl-on-the-bean's act. From the cabaret dancer I learned the name of her teacher, an Indian who claimed to be an expert on the Orient. It cost me another 500 francs (which I borrowed from Pierre) to prise her name out of him.

It was Louise Montmartre. I discovered quite a lot about her. Her father was Henri Montmartre, a wealthy architect. She was his only daughter. She was 18 . . . and still stock.

Pierre snarled on hearing along

when I went to the house.

"Leave this to me," he advised freely. "French diplomacy is required here."

Montmartre Pierre was a physically old gentleman with a most severe beard.

"Forgive our impudence," Pierre explained, "but we are students of architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. We have noticed your house as a fine example of early 18th Century. We seek permission to see over it."

Montmartre Pierre seemed only too ready to accept our credentials.

"I will call my daughter," he said.

He pressed a bell and, soon afterwards, someone entered the room. His heart did a brief one-two-three. It was the girl . . . and yet it wasn't her.

She was dressed in a simple frock, her hair was gathered in a tight bun at the base of her neck; only her breasts were bare under her blouse.

Pierre was visibly entranced. The girl led us off to view the house. I cannot describe the place, for I never saw it. I wouldn't take my eyes off the girl.

We reached the top floor. The girl brought us to the private rooms . . . for a long time now, she said simply. She clucked the latch of a door and stepped inside. I was close behind her. With an hysterical scream, she collapsed into my arms. Pierre rushed downstairs for her father. I carried her to her room. She opened her eyes. They were deep blue, the colour of the sky at midnight. "The story," she quavered. "It was a mouse."

I recited from a strong suspicion that I was going mad. "But . . . but . . ." I gulped, "don't have have the same effects?"

The hooded eyes gazed deeply into mine. "Louise," she whispered derisively. "Lions are different . . . mice are not part of my self."

WATCH for this man



NOEL TENNANT • FICTION

STEPHENSON now by the snowing paper they had started to call it the "Night the Ripper Came."

It was bound to happen. They certainly had a series of unsolved murders on their hands. Still these women were quietly strangled, not killed as the Ripper killed. And the murder area wasn't confined to one district.

Stephenson stood up. He was want-

ing time. That proved he was at a dead-end. If he hadn't already reached it.

A list of neatly typed facts was before him. He tried to make something of them again, going over the names of the victims. The dates and locations of the crimes. Notes on any similarity between the three. That was the usual starting point. He started. The only thing the women



Ray Johnson

She was little more than a girl—dead; and Mills suddenly worked to be very sick.

had in common was being alone on an empty street at midnight. Around midnight. Always. Maybe once was once significant there.

The door opened. Stephenson nodded to Mills, asking him whether he'd learned anything from the boy he had followed that evening.

"No." Mills sat down on the other. Mills told him sharply. It was the answer Stephenson expected. Had

steps to expect after the first murder. There was a kind of excitement about it, as though it had been planned carefully, carried through without hitch or disturbance.

"It doesn't make sense," Mills said. "A house. A studio. A subway. Nothing definite connects. No connection at all."

Stephenson nodded. "We probably have the motif in the fact that the

Dramatic plays enacted from blind persons number about half a dozen in the United States. To move about as naturally as actors with ordinary sight, the blind players walk on narrow strips of carpet to guide themselves; under the carpet a thick red mat may be placed to mark a location—for instance, several inches in front of a chair, so that the actor may turn and sit down without moving. When passing a cup of tea, the hostess clicks the spoon to tell the recipient where to reach for the teacup. If the show calls for action, such as running, a player who can see is included.

whole business is without reason. The results of everything treated, gone wrong in a mind. Our job is to find the culprit, watch for him. Be on the ready every night."

Mills didn't comment. It sounded almost the way Stephenson put it. They hadn't been in a case together before. He hadn't wanted a new. Nor had he had anything against Stephenson. There was simply an incompatibility between them and rising from it understanding of one another's work. But the Inspector was right in what he said. They couldn't sort out the irrational features until they had done some. If they got him.

During the last weeks every clue had been followed. No matter if they saw from the beginning it would lead nowhere. They couldn't afford to have anything unchecked. They went through the histories of the women and their acquaintances, coming, too, with the checked families who couldn't understand the chance however. Mills said it was just as well they could give all their time to the case. Nothing else starting happened.

Next morning the body of a man was found near the wharves. "The Rover business has got to be a

were handled by men like Stephenson. Sense man. Forget it.

The check showed Clyde had been on a job for a client. Nobody could give a reason why he should be killed, but the general details were clear enough.

Mills knew he had to get a lineage of the district's bank specialists. Cover their names and start tracing any of the dead man's belongings. He set things off in that direction before he left it for the night. On the way out he stopped at Stephenson's office. Didn't run him all day and he wasn't there now.

Mills didn't sleep much. He turned himself wondering, thinking about the bigger crimes. Peash, perhaps. Any homework should have been concerned with his own assignment.

Let Stephenson have all the handles if he wanted the case to himself. Mills tried to concentrate on Clyde. He shook his head. He had no sympathy for vacuum who went around asking to be helped. When he returned to the department he examined the possible suspects. Dismissed them for the time being.

The trouble was none of those men would stop at assault and robbery if he saw his chance. And all their mouths were shut, most likely without knowing themselves who was responsible.

Mills told himself to review the old murderer. On the strength of that he went back to the mystery agent's office. He had no idea what he expected to find in the place.

A phone rang. There was a woman on the other end. An excited, pleased woman who wanted to talk to Mr. Clyde at once. Mills said he guessed Clyde wouldn't be there again.

"Oh, it wasn't really important," she told him. "He was working on a—well, a little matter for me—and I

wanted to let him know everything has turned out all right. You! My husband explained it all to me!"

Before she hung up, Mills took her name. There was no need to question her unless something came to light for him, of course. And nothing did, but the next afternoon he drove out to see her, Mrs. Herweg. She was an ordinary, suburban housewife, not far from middleaged. Large and commanding, but taken aback when Mills explained his business.

"I don't understand. I only saw Clyde once. I asked him to see what they were up to. My husband and that bony who was trying to get him away from me. He used to expect results."

Mrs. Herwegs peered. "Anyhow, I don't want my husband brought into this. He has and he's sorry and stopped leaving me alone so much."

Mills deferred that she had contacted Clyde because her husband was neglecting her, going out night. At first she thought there was another woman. Then she knew it. "I found things in his dresser. Odds and ends he had given him. Like pictures of himself."

Mrs. Herwegs snorted. With satisfaction. "I put a dash to that. I know now it was only a fixation. It isn't anybody's after her mind. I'd like you to go below Thomas' gate house. I don't know what you could say if he knew why you're here."

Mills got up to leave, but he wasn't out the door when Herwegs returned from the city. For the first time Mills had met a man who fitted his sense perfectly. The woman said Mills was selling insurance, took charge of the situation and also the thin, refined man husband. No wonder he had been looking for sympathy outside.

He was small and slender . . . with a tan, yellow nose, basket-like a

cougar's . . . and a fawn . . . almost stolid . . . manner of walking as if all spirit had been bludgeoned out of him.

Mills noticed that he never met his wife's glance . . . and the suspicion descended on him that Harrways was the kind of man who never looked straight into anybody's eyes.

Still, Mills told himself, what did that matter? There were hundreds of men who consistently avoided the gaze of others. And it didn't mean that those men were guilty of anything. It merely meant that they were shy or self-conscious or bedeviled by some overgrown inferiority complex.

Yes, that was it. Mills allowed himself. If ever a man looked hem-pecked, Harrways did.

And he was just the type of insignificant little worm whom a sentimental woman like Mrs. Harrways could howl-best until, out of pure self-defense tried perhaps to preserve

the last vestiges of her double courage, he would pluck up some little shrew who, at least, didn't mag.

Mills wrote them off. Back at his department room he sat down. It's a crippler. Nothing else he could do until he-met-with whom he would have to make a real start.

He pulled his papers together on the desk, sorted out the statements. He was still there after midnight when Stephenson pushed the door open, and strode in heavily, out on arm.

"They've found another Biggs body," he said bluntly. "We're on our way if you want to be in on it."

He turned away and Mills didn't stay to think. He hurried to be in the middle of the investigation immediately. His own caution could wait.

"We're en back for sure, Mills. We have got a hot trail. It's only just happened," Stephenson said.

The car started and there was still

nothing to say. Couldn't talk through the tears. Mills kept thinking they had a chance at last. Any clue had been useless by the time they arrived before, but now even the body would be worn. Perhaps the man himself wouldn't have left the vicinity. Invariably Mills leaned forward as though they were passing the man they had watched for during those hours.

Soon there was only a motionless heap around the dead woman. She was almost a girl. Strength. If there could be some consolation, it was the fact the thing must have been over in a few minutes. Probably suffocated -on a doorway by the murderer who listened for snags breathing. It was killing for the sake of killing . . . and Mills suddenly wanted to be sick.

Stephenson stood by the body. After a while he looked along the pavement. He frowned, asked whether they saw a shoe anywhere.

"No," the constable said. "I noticed

it was missing, but it's not here."

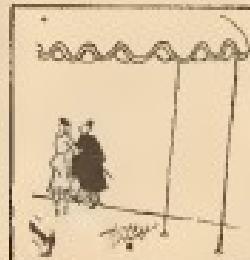
The Inspector nodded. "It couldn't have happened beyond half an hour ago. Any reason to suppose he was disturbed?"

"I didn't see anybody leave. Still, I came across in the first place because I heard voices. Like a scuffle."

"Maybe he took the show," Stephenson said, more to himself. "Had to go as a lousy dog took it since it was the easiest thing for him to take."

Mills was about to say there would be no excuse to take such an article. Not valuable or meritorious. It was hardly a clue. He checked himself. They weren't dealing with a case calling for ordinary logic. Could be the man had to have something before he left the scene. Mills had heard of it. And it was what Stephenson was thinking.

He glared aside at the Inspector going to his feet, the old frustrated expression on his face already. The crime was a repeat of the others as most



DEAD-HEAT

Her steps moved faster and faster
As she patterred down the stairs;
Her spike-heels hit the echoes
Ringing soft and fleet,
She swept into a doorway
As if records were to be won.
She was wearing nylon stockings
And they had begun to run.
—JAY-JAY

unprints. So much the more that he felt from the beginning they were better. He gave instructions for the district to be searched. All suspicious persons were to be brought in. Deep family suspensions. They stayed until the doctor arrived, then went on to the department.

"It's recent stirring from socialist agents," Stephenson said when they were in the office. "Going over our noses around. She's bound to be no different to the rest."

Mills agreed in silence. It was as if the killer had stopped from nothingness, taken the job and stopped back into nothingness. No trace at all. Mills remained with Stephenson while he kept in touch with the parlors covering the area. They smoked cigarettes and waited, waiting to see whom making sure for themselves.

The difference between the man had somehow fallen away. With surprise Mills realized that he no longer thought he could avoid the bigger one alone; even understood Stephenson's approach to his work.

He had a job to do and it came before everything else. Death had made them somehow alike. It was a bitter one, this last business.

Stephenson finally went up the swaying blinds after what could have been days of suspense. The street below was emerging through the shadows of dawn. Cold as their shadows. His news had come and it was already too late for them. They both knew it. Once more there was nothing to say.

Mills bought a bottle of milk on the way from the department. He tried to remember the last early morning he had walked to his lodgings. Think of anything except the headlines on the papers a truck was honking on the corner.

He went up the stairs slowly. No need to hurry. He wanted a good sleep, yet that was hardly important. There wasn't much importance at the moment. Soon as he'd had a few hours' break he would be all right, ready for the knock of a finds searching. Yes. He undressed and was getting into bed when the phone rang. He lifted the receiver, and young number straight away. He didn't recognize the woman's voice in his ear.

"It's me, Mrs. Hanway," she said. "You've got to help me. I want you to put me in contact with a reliable agent. You must know some. Hold how to catch my husband again."

Mills edged in, told her to step outside. He couldn't do it. There were plenty of names in the telephone book to accommodate her. Besides, she had seemed pleased enough with Mr. Hanway yesterday.

"That's right," she said, "but he went back on me. He's been seeing the woman. Got with her bad as you like. I know it. It's really over the fence. Wig, last night he brought home her shoes."



"No, I can't lend you a hot water bottle, but are you a student of logic?"

WHAT A 'TYPE'

TYPED BY THAT TYPE, HAYLES

Has it ever occurred to you, dear reader, that our authors and cartoonists are inclined to over-indulge in broad characterization? For instance:

Did you ever, in real life, meet such a cold-hearted, brutal character as Simon Legree? Well, I have. Haven't I, now?



You have all need of the highly excitable, highly nimble, continually hyperactive! I've met him, too . . . his name is McTeech, and he was born in Pett's Head.



Then there is the lovable yokel, a simple, friendly son of the soil. Well! who else would have parted with those gold bracelets at such a ridiculous price?



Of course there is the scoldish, ferocious, vulgar, so beloved of authors of the leftish ilk . . . He's an old acquaintance.



And these modern heroines . . . fondling, exotically beautiful, madlyromantically unapproachable . . . the type next door . . . with her six feet three commands-instructor hubby.



Finally, the here Monosame, patient, definitely a disciplining type. Well, have I seen him? Of course . . . it's just that I'm not feeling so good today.

STRANGER and Stranger



ELECTRIC EYES—Pilots of supersonic airplanes will need electric eyes to avoid collisions in radar. With flying speeds greater than the speed of sound already an accomplished fact, aircrafts predict speeds of 200 miles an hour before long. Then, if two aircraft come out of the clouds—1,000 feet apart and approaching each other—they would collide before either pilot could see anything about it. However, at that rate of speed, a pilot travels about a mile every two seconds; it takes four-tenths of a second for the image of an incoming plane to be relayed to the brain, during which time his plane has travelled one-fifth of a mile, another second elapses before the pilot can recognize what he has seen (unless his plane travels another 240 feet), thus a crash is inevitable. Supersonic planes are being fitted with electronic devices which can react faster than man.

DEPT DRYER—In the United States, a new automatic electric clothes-washer can wash and dry up to 100 pieces of clean, glasses and cutlery in less than 10 minutes. The machine rinses the dishes, removing all loose food particles; washes the dishes to make washing residue; washes them, and then dries them with a heated electric element. Housewives may be a sorry lot, but they seem to have some shade of hope ahead of them.

WOOD INSULATORS—Insulators made from wood is being produced at the rate of 2000 pieces a year by the United States Forest Products Laboratory in Wisconsin. The "insulator" is made from wood waste, during forestry and sawmilling operations and from trees removed to improve forestry growth. It is used to feed livestock.

HOME COMFORTS—Floors that never need waxing and furniture that doesn't require polishing are now a reality. The hardest, toughest, shiny finish—waterproof, fireproof, antiseptic—is ready for home use. The finish can be treated or sprayed, drying taken a few hours. The substance used is one hundred per cent plastic resin.

HOT SOCKS—In Portland (U.S.), radio-active silk has been produced from "hot" silkworms, but there is no demand for it. "Women would have to be equipped with heat lamps to wear stockings made of it," declares Professor F. Hengst, biologist of Reed University. Reed biology students obtained the "excess" silk by injecting uric acid containing radioactive carbon into silkworms. The resulting silk isn't the Gleam extra luster, but looks just like ordinary raw silk. There is no visible radiation, so it seems as though a girl's legs will have to continue advertising themselves.





HEP TO THE HOUSEWORK

There's a New Look in the kitchen . . . and in the rest of the house, for that matter, as it seems . . . Housework a drudgery? . . . Bah! . . . It's pleasure and profit combined. Look at this mopper cleaning up cobwebs . . . you lucky sardes.



Or hanging curtains . . . no more stepping on chair-legs or tripping with socks . . . even if she doesn't mind this front-right right away, it's both your duty and your delight to encourage her . . . Among other things, it strengthens and stretches the leg-muscles and . . . oh, well!



And then there's that business of making the bed... no more burbling at blankets and rumbling at mattresses... just give her a helping hand, you great nut, you!... help her try an armband while she's sweating the sheets... what could be smoother than that, eh?

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pointers to

BETTER HEALTH

NEW TB DRUG.—A new type of streptomycin (the antibiotic that checks certain types of tuberculosis) has been isolated. The new substance is named "hydronal-streptomycin." It was isolated from a new type of mold found in Japan. It is hoped that the new type will be free from some of the缺点 of streptomycin and yet retain the virtues of the drug.

BRAND TUMORS.—Dr. Jose Martínez of Northwestern University (U.S.), has developed a method of locating brand tumors in about 60 per cent of 200 patients. He uses a radioactive tracer and a Geiger counter. The radioactive dye ("Iodine-131") is injected into the patient's bloodstream. The dye concentrates only in the tumor tissue. Attached to the patient's head is the Geiger counter shaped somewhat like a skull cap and fitted with a counter that can be moved in 22 different positions. A recorder fixed to the counter indicates the presence or absence of a tumor tissue.

ANTI - ATOM GLASSES.—New glasses that prevent atomic eye damage have been achieved. For protection against X-ray and neutron radiation from atom bombs, and even atom bombs, the new materials were developed by Dr. Alexander Silveira, University of Pittsburgh (U.S.). People possibly might use such glasses if an atom bomb is used; expected, but they would also be useful for miners, workers around cyclotrons and other atom reactors. The glass contains calcium boronate mixed with boronite.

DIABETES.—Good results with oral hormone treatment for children with diabetes have been reported by Drs. R. Roman and C. de Molina, of Valencia, Spain. The doctors report that the children needed less insulin when given oral hormones. They recovered from dehydration, acidosis and signs of fatty fat oxidation. Their levels of glucose and sugar became more stable. Object of the oral hormone treatment is to suppress the part of the pituitary gland which produces a hormone formerly called diabetes-producing. This hormone is now recognized as ACTH, the anterior pituitary. Further reports are awaited of the Spanish doctors' discovery.

NOISE.—Noise to-day are louder and more penetrating than at any previous time in history. Also to-day at a noise complex, more highly strung individual than at any previous time. While nature protects the delicate nervous mechanism of the eye by enabling us to close our eyes against injury, the delicate mechanism of the ear has no protection. Many of us who wish to read or rest should use ear stoppers.

CAVIAKADE, March, 1951 55

the invisible burglar

JAMES WOLLECKE



Murder had been done, but how did the criminal manage to enter or to leave the house without a trace?

LOGAN is a cool, quiet, middle-class suburb of Philadelphia, with which it is connected by railroad. Outside the station, at 4:30 a.m. on the morning of November 28, 1951, three taxi drivers were standing beside their cabs.

"Help!" they heard someone shout. "A burglar has shot my husband!"

The drivers ran down the street. A woman was coming towards them.

She was young and blonde, with an enormous tear in her shoulder which she was trying to hold around her neck.

"What's the matter, lady?"

"Call the police," she repeated. "My husband has been murdered. Tell them it's Bill North Park Avenue."

While one man rushed back to the nearby station to make the call, the

other two hustled the agitated woman along the street to her house.

All around windows were being driven open, and people in dressing gowns were coming down their garden paths to find out what the commotion was about.

"It's that little Miss Cleo Prophet," the late arrivals were informed. "She says her husband has been murdered. Yes, that's right, the Prophet crap is still."

Policeman Harry Weller was the first police arrived. Pushing his way through the crowd, he found Mrs. Prophet and the two taxi drivers on the front porch, before the door of what was evidently the main bedroom.

Unable to control her grief, Mrs. Prophet began to cry.

"My husband," she croaked, "is...whisper. 'They've been shot.'"

She pointed to the room and Weller entered. On the floor was a pyramidal figure, badly battered about the head and feet, and with a bullet wound in his chest.

Weller bent over him for a moment then suddenly straightened.

"The police is still hunting," he declared matter-of-factly. "She's dead quickly. We might save 'em."

The two men ran downstairs, while Weller tried to gag some details.

"Oh, it was horrible," she sobbed. "We were asleep. A sudden noise woke me up. I saw Bill jump out of bed at a man who was in the room. He must have been a burglar. They fought and fell over on the bed. He kept hitting Bill with a gun. Then they rolled off the floor."

"Suddenly I seemed to come to life. I screamed and ran out for help. Then I heard a shot as I came back. My husband was lying on the floor just so as it was, with blood all over him. The burglar went out the window. I think I was screaming for

help. No one came, so I put on a coat and ran down the street till I met the taxi drivers."

From one of the other rooms there sounded voices and arguing. Mrs. Prophet told Weller it was her children. He let her go in to quiet them.

The doctor arrived about the same time as several officers from the Central Detective Bureau who were to take charge of the investigation. But he was too late to do anything for the battered figure beside the bed. William Prophet was dead.

The weeping Mrs. Prophet then descended the staircase in a short, dark gown in a long coat. He was a total stranger, she said.

Carefully and but man started a systematic search. Cleo Prophet's story was full of contradictions.

Every door and window on the ground floor was carefully looked from the inside. Now then, they asked themselves, had the burglar entered?

That was not all. Mrs. Prophet had said that the man had left by jumping from the bedroom window. Connally looked out that window at the lawn. It had taken. It was exactly covered with a thick layer of fertilizer. There was not a footprint to be seen anywhere on it.

Despite her strenuous objections, it was decided to detain Mrs. Prophet.

Back at headquarters, Mrs. Prophet's brother, Harold Williams, quietly tried to comfort her.

When Connally arrived, the officer who was guarding Mrs. Prophet drove him to one side. He said that he had overheard Harold Williams whisper to his sister, "Do you think everything will be all right?"

The Inspector snorted grimly.

When Mrs. Prophet was brought into his office, Connally told her that her story did not make sense.

"Mrs. Prophet," he said, "there is

no evidence at the house to support what you say. Whether he was this brawler left no signs of either getting in or getting out of the place.

"The only explanation is that—unless he had a lap—she's made must have let him in. They certainly must have let him out again, because all doors and windows on the ground floor are locked from the inside."

"That's just silly," said Mrs. Prophet. "I was so upset I didn't know what I was saying back at the house. I may have been mistaken about him getting out by the window. I don't know how he got in."

Connelly shrugged his shoulders. "All right, Miss Prophet. I'm placing you under arrest on suspicion."

If the Inspector had been hoping this would make the woman break, he was disappointed.

"What's the difference?" she asked him blandly.

Connelly's tramp card was Mrs. Prophet's children. He had no time in questioning them. At once the woman's pitifully weak story collapsed.

Unconsciously the children crepted the truth. They told the detective that their mother had come into their room when they had become frightened at the sound of a fight in their parents' room. She told them it was nothing and the gun shot was merely a big buckshot in the street.

Mrs. Prophet still obstinately refused to tell the truth.

Connelly decided on an old trick.

"What would you say if I told you your brother had already condemned to shooting your husband?" he queried.

It worked.

"The fool!" she shouted. "He wouldn't have been in it if he had only held his tongue."

The expression on the face around

her must have revealed that she had tricked herself.

Shortly afterwards she made a statement.

"I hated Bill," she said. "He always brought me unhappiness. Even our little kitten was afraid of him. The children used to run from the room. In eight years he took me nearly once in the morning—and then it was on a free pass."

Chief of Detectives, Inspector William J. Connelly, had decided to handle the case personally.

Mrs. Prophet was asked to tell her story once more. She repeated what she had told the constable.

So her story went on. She decided to kill her husband. On the premise of a shot in the microwave, her brother agreed to commit the murder.

She gave him her key and, as the night selected, lay awake beside her husband until she saw Harold bending over him prepared to choke the life out of him. But Bill Prophet had awakened. Harold eventually had to shoot him.

Her brother had rushed downstairs and out of the house. She had locked the back door again, but in the excitement forgot to open one of the windows as had been arranged.

When the police arrived she remembered her mistake, so she and the children had hurried out of the backdoor window. How was she to know, she wailed, that he should have made footprints on the lawn?

Connelly went out of the room to see Harry Williams.

"Mrs. Prophet has confessed," the detective told him.

"I don't believe it," her brother answered.

"Perhaps you'd better come in and see her," Connelly suggested.

Not knowing just how far he was implicated, Williams entered Connelly's office.

"Sir! Sir!" Harold interrupted. "You haven't!"

"You, I've told them everything," "You stand," her brother snapped. "Don't you realize I'll burn?"

Mrs. Prophet tried to comfort him. Waving him off, he refused to speak to her. He agreed to make a statement.

"You, I'll sign anything," he said. "There's no use in keeping it now. Then I'll take you out and show you where I hid the gun. That's about

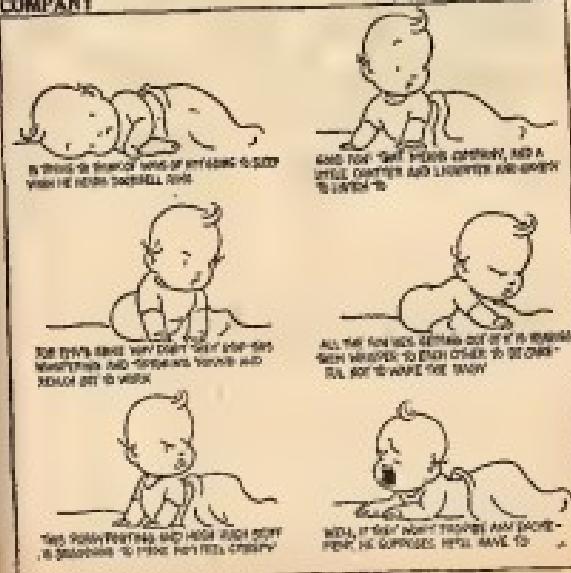
all you need to burn me good."

Harry Williams predicted his brother. A jury took only ten minutes to find him guilty. He went to the electric chair with courage against the sister who had duped and betrayed him.

Chief Prophet was also found guilty of murder, but his sentence was only life imprisonment. Right to the end, his brother bitterly complained about what he called "the injustice" of their respective punishments.

COMPANY

By CLIFFORD WILLIAMS



Sheriff Bill Tilghman was quiet in manner and in voice, but he was the greatest lawman of them all.

J. W. READING



HIS GUN SPOKE Gently

SHERIFF BILL TILGHMAN strolled into the smoke kerosene. He was tracking the Dooin gang. He was no more aware the household than he knew he'd found them.

There were dark figures well back in the bushes, the Indians planned an silent massacre, pointed by us. They had the drop on him.

He walked to the fire and warmed his hands at it.

The ring-necked leaned against the mantelpiece, his face blank.

"Lookin' fr somebody?" he asked.

"You lost my way," said Bill, all the time wondering if a storm of lead was about to be poured into his back. "I was makin' Crabbins's

reach. I thought this was it."

"About ten miles further on."

"Thanks," said Bill.

He turned and walked carefully down the path of death. He had learned in Bill Dooin leaving the Western cities to not shoot a man in the back. Dooin was a bad man, an outlaw on the run, but he had too much pride to have it said about him that he had headed a man's back.

Tilghman had a code, too. He knew that he owed his life to Dooin. He passed up a few opportunities to shoot it out with the outlaws, so that he could get Dooin without bloodshed.

In those days in the West, houses were small and crude, and such unnecessary things as bathrooms were scarcely imagined by the architects.

To provide for busy folk there were public latrines; . . . small outhouses an enclosure of upright poles with boughs stretched between.

Tilghman heard that Dooin was in town and, although sober, was indulging in a bath. It was the opportunity the sheriff had been waiting for. He went to the latrine and entered so quickly that Dooin had no chance to get to his gun. Tilghman was therefore saved the trouble of shooting him.

Probably you've never heard of Bill Tilghman. Neither had I until I saw his name in a volume, linked with Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and other famous sheriffs. So I had a search made in the British Museum Library for his biography. I thought I knew the Old West and the people who lived in it, and it was something of a shock to me to learn that Bill Tilghman was the greatest lawman of them all.

He was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on July 8, 1858. When he was knee-high to a grasshopper—a mere two years—he finally moved into the wild country of Arkansas, Kansas, where men were men—and women were very pleased with the arrangement.

A few years later a small domestic argument began, ended the Civil War. Bill's father and older brother got into the brawl, Bill had to support his mother and four younger children.

When Bill was sixteen he hitched up with three other youths and they took their rifles into savage Indian country and began to knock over the buffalo . . . the bison.

But there is such a thing as being too good. Bill, and many others like him, began to wage war the shabby bulls—and the profits with them. So Bill became a cowhand and later a cattleman.

The Indians, however, became depleted with the triduum. Life as a rancher could be dull. The greatest danger was from lawless white men. Bill decided to become a gunfighter of the law.

By then, in 1871, at the age of twenty-three, he was tall, good-looking, powerfully-built, kind of children and loved by them. His mother smoked one cigarette. And, to play it safe, he was not unarmored; he had a remarkable knowledge of Western history, could write a good fist and spoke Spanish fluently.

The Dictionary of American Biography says that his reputation for courage was not exceeded by any other frontiersman of his time and his skill with a revolver was uncanny. It must have been—Bill lived till he was seventy!

Naturally there were women in his life. When he was still on the family farm in Arkansas, and just sixteen, Bill got to walkin' out with a low named Mollie. But she had adventures in her blood; the buffalo called—and Bill followed the call. Mollie never

forget her, even though she married someone else. Every day of her life and on many other days, she wrote Bill a postcard. "Each one addressed to him and each one bearing a message of her undying love for him."

But the date's past when she put them in a box and it must have been a big box. When, many years later, Thompson called on her, she gave him the box and it contained nearly 2000 postcards!

He was twenty-four before a female put a bullet on him. Her name was Flora Kunkel—and he must have loved her because he started a stock ranch and decided to settle down. She bore him four children.

He enjoyed life for eleven years! Not that he was entirely without adventure, for he was usually the local marshal. When the former Indian Territory was taken over by the Union and named Oklahoma, Bill saw a chance to get into some additional action. He joined the spectacular writer's race which marked the opening of the new State, on April 22, 1907.

He obtained a good job, on a spot where later grew up the city of Guthrie, but he didn't stay there long. In 1911, at the age of thirty-seven, he took up law in Chandler and built it up into a fine firm. He was also appointed deputy marshal. At the age of twenty-three he had been a deputy-sheriff of Ford County under the famous Bascom Bronco, and later he had been marshal of Dodge City during some of its liveliest and deadliest periods.

He remained deputy-marshall of Chandler for about twenty years, although his political did not always coincide with the politicians in office! The region was over-run with outlaw gangs when Bill took office. His gun spoke loudly and very firmly. The

men on the owl-horn trail were either married to Bebehill or hanged along the other parts. Police-officer Tilghman brought peace!

Bill explained his inability to lead to Theodore Roosevelt: "Maybe it's my ability to fire a six-shoot of a second before the other man, but I also had a shade of advantage, because the man who knows he's right always has a little on the man who knows he's wrong."

His first wife died, but Bill was too good a man to stay around lonely. In 1929 he married Lou Agnes Stratton, of an old pioneer family. She added three more children to his quartet.

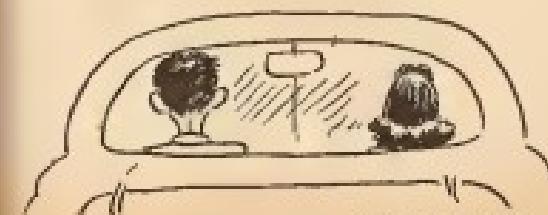
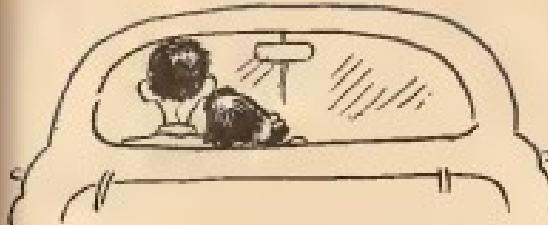
In 1930 he was elected to the State Senate, but that was no life for a man of action. He resigned after a year and, at the age of fifty-seven, became Chief of Police of Oklahoma City. In 1935 he went into final. He superintended the making of a Western "quarrel" called "The Passage of the Oklahoma Outlaws."

He had retired when, in August, 1934, surprising what a little time ago that would be, he was asked to take the job of marshal of Custerland, a boom all town. His friends told him he was too old for that sort of thing. He reached his gun-belt down from a shelf.

At the age of seventy, but still tall and hearty, he went out to clean up crime.

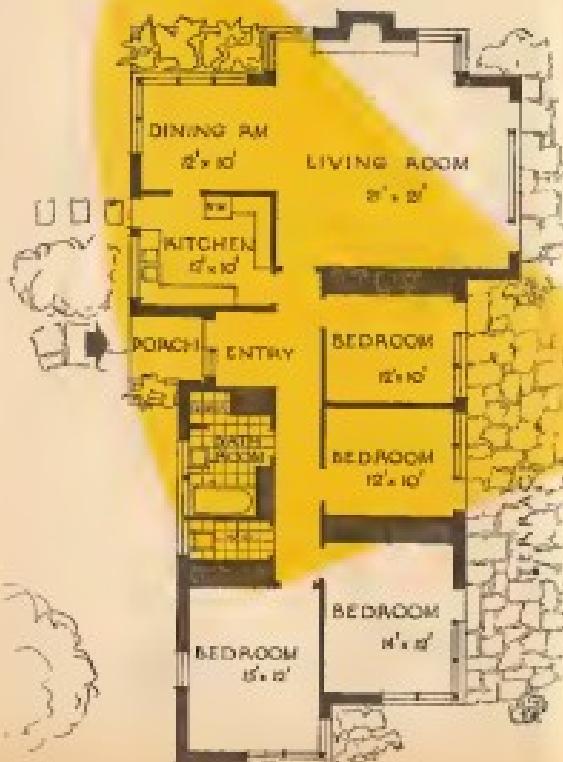
On November 1, about ten weeks later, he was told that an armed drunk was trying to shoot him in the town. Bill went out and took the gun from the merrymak. With a grip on the drunk's arm he started for the police-station.

The boozey-ster had another gun in his coat-pocket. He grabbed the gun, pointed it full in his pocket and shot the life out of William Matthew Tilghman, the finest lawman the West had ever known.



THE HOME OF TOM-TIT (No. 14)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



planning for a larger home

As many difficulties confront the same builder of the present day, and building costs are so high, that it is a good idea when a large home is required to plan it in such a way that portions can be built and the remainder added at a more opportune time.

CANALCADE suggests for this month a four-bedroom home on more generous lines than has been the rule in this series.

The plan is such that two bedrooms could be omitted from the present building programme, and added later without alteration to the existing structure. To be in proportion with the four-bedroom house, the living room is large and has a dining alcove

opening from it, with large glass doors. The service runs along one side of the front of the house, according to location, so that full advantage can be taken of the sunshines and the wind. Three of the four bedrooms and the living room open directly on to this service.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe and there are ample linen and cast cupboards. The kitchen is equipped in a modern manner and contains room for a washing machine.

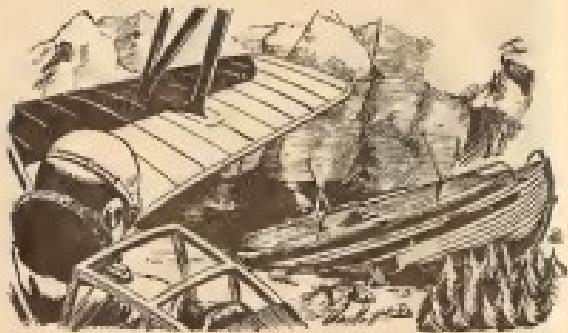
The total area of the house is 1900 square feet. It has been designed for a large block of land, which must be regarded as an essential to set it off properly.



THE SECRET

of ARARAT

Somewhere in the wilds of Asia Minor lies an old, weathered vessel. Is it really the Ark?



If anyone should tell you that the remains of the Ark are still resting on the slopes of Mount Ararat where Noah parked it over 5,000 years ago, don't be in a hurry to ridicule the story with a shrug and a grained growl.

Many people of Biblical ancestry have seen the wreck within the last decade and—what a coincidence! American census took count of it just before the last war ended.

It is one of those strange stories which have been passed off the headlines by the search of events, but recent statements by the Soviet Government have focused the eyes of the world upon this bleak mountain in the wilds of Asia Minor.

The serious historical evidence to the existence of the Ark is contained in "Antiquities of the Jews," by Josephus, written about A.D. 90. He

says, "The Armenians call the place Loxian Place" indeed as the Ark was preserved there and its remains are shown to the inhabitants to-day."

More evidence is provided by Serouci, the Chaldean, who, after describing the Ark and circumstances of the flood, says: "There is still some part of the vessel on Ararat and people carry off pieces of timber on donkeys."

It is known that the Ark received a coat of pitch.

Following this early witness is the testimony of Claudius Junius Bassi, one of the renowned authorities on Babylonian history. For a number of years this scholar was the representative of the East India Company in Bagdad and in 1806 he published "Reliques in Susiana."

He writes: "Human Age maintained to me that, with his own eyes, he had seen the remains of Noah's Ark. He went to a Christian village, whence he ascended by a steep road for an hour to the summit, at which he saw the remains of a very large vessel of wood, almost entirely ruined, with ends of a few logs still remaining."

In 1859 a series of avalanches on the south side of Mount Ararat dislodged several villages in the valley with considerable loss of life. The Turkish Government sent a Commission to investigate. After climbing for many hours the party came across what they described as "The rear end of an arched structure" resting on the edge of a small human lake. They could only enter a few feet owing to marshy soil.

Ten years later the great World's Fair was held in Chicago and one of the attractions was a Religious Congress attended by delegates from all over the globe. Among the visitors was Archdeacon Renn, of the Nazarene Church of Melkhatan Crochet, an aristocratic Persian and a friend

descendant of the giant Nebuchadnezzar.

This performer caused a mad sensation during the first session of the congress by relating how, a few years before, he had climbed Mount Ararat and discovered the remains of Noah's Ark wedged in a rocky hollow.

According to the Archdeacon it all happened while he was on a visit to the Patriarch of the Nazarenes in Kurdistan and Persia. Being a professed scholar he knew his Josephus and the probability of finding some traces of the vessel had always fascinated him. As he was one day in the spot he could not resist the temptation of finding out for himself; he was determined to climb Mount Ararat.

After several attempts he at last reached somewhere about 13,000 feet. Here, to his amazement, he saw across the great hill rising slightly on its side near the edge of a frozen sheet of water between two lofty crags. When he had recovered from his astonishment he picked his way through the snow and ascended the Ark.

Despite the fact that the Archdeacon was renowned for his scholarship, his story of the Ark was a fable. But this did not prevent him from undertaking an extensive lecture tour which proved a money-spinner until he reached California, where many of his audiences were distinctly hostile. They absolutely refused to believe that any wooden structure could last over 4,000 years.

Much to the delight of the scoffers, he was declared insane and placed in a mental home. Through the influence of a wealthy lady admirer, however, he was released.

The song in the story appeared to be that the Ark was found at 13,000 feet above sea level. Many doubted the Celts covered the earth to such an extent as to find the Ark so far

A. H. deJarnett! A U.S. news magazine says that a sailor was fished out of Seattle Harbor by a pilot boat after a woman had dropped him back into the water when it became apparent that he had no place on. A Providence (Rhode Island, U.S.A.) woman, however, admits, however, he had enough ready cash to change with railroad money advanced to a housewife, he assured the gamblers that his conduct was merely sales technique.

his plane lower, Koskovitsky saw a small lake which reflected the sun; the sky above the lake was blue over and sparkling in the sunlight. Then they spotted the Ark.

Flying so close as is possible, the astonished airmen were able to define what appeared to be two deck levels. The top of the Ark was arched and supported a catwalk which ran the entire length of the vessel. One quarter seemed to be under water, but on the only clear of the lake was a huge dock.

On returning to base, the airmen reported the discovery. The squadron leader next day flew over the same route and confirmed the information. A full report was forwarded to headquarters and later the Russian Government organized an expedition to explore the south side of Mount Ararat and to investigate the tale of the Ark.

A large party camped on the slopes during the summer months and studied the remains of the hull, took photographs and measured all important features. The Ark was found to be 480 feet long with a height of 120 feet and 8 feet high. The hull was slender wood, a species of spruce, described in Genesis as "cypress" and the entire structure had been painted over with a wax-like preparation, referred to as "bitumen" in the translation of Josephus.

The remains of the pines on the lower deck indicated they had been fairly large. There were barriers twelve thick decks dividing them into small compartments, possibly the stalls of the large animals. On the deck above a series of pens were arranged, the traits fitted with that metal bars secured to the framework with copper nails.

Some time after the expedition had returned to Moscow a mild stir was caused by the discovery in the library

of the Convent of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai of an ancient Arabic manuscript dealing entirely with the history of the Deluge and the construction of Noah's Ark. The description of the internal arrangements was almost identical with the details reported by the Russians. According to the Arabic parchment, the beams and cables were fastened down in the hold, the middle deck was designed to house the birds, and the foredeck deck reserved for Noah and his family.

In due course a full report of the exploration of Mount Ararat with photographs of the Ark was compiled. A copy bound in native leather enclosed with the Imperial arms was to be presented to the Czar by the leader of the expedition. But a few days before the date fixed for the function, the Revolution broke out and Koskovitsky and his family were on the run. The report was never made public.

In the confusion of the Revolution, Koskovitsky (who was a White Russian) managed to evade the Bolsheviks and escape to America where the account of his discovery of the Ark raised a sensation. The story was syndicated throughout the U.S.A.; sermons were preached about it and even those who years before had doubted the Archibaldson stories to think there was something in the year after all.

On Sunday, December 4, 1921, a commercial station in Sydney broadcast the fact that a Russian airmen had discovered the Ark and four years later, on Sunday, January 28, 1928, the information was repeated, to the consternation the men of the fishing at the Ark had encircled the world and strange stories filtered through from all quarters.

There are still several pieces of the Ark known to be fitted before the

picture can be pronounced complete. It would be interesting to learn the identity of the two observers from the R.A.A.F. station near Biakhaia, Russia, who—when flying at the highest bar of "The Ship"—showed the bizarre shape of the Ark taken with a weak camera when flying over Ararat. Exaggerations of these prints would prove most interesting.

Then there is the episode of the Italian from Boville who wrote to the newspaper of the station which featured the story, stating he knew a pilot in the R.A.F. who had taken photographs of the Ark, unfortunately he crashed shortly afterwards and was killed.

From A.B. 227 when Josephus recorded the Ark was still in existence and could be seen to 1812 (when the remains were said to have been photographed) is a good sign of life, even for a legend and apparently so death is still a long way off, for the Ark has kept both to the headlines.

Anomalous interest in this Biblical subject was renewed a few months ago when a syndicate was formed in New York to visit Mount Ararat, dramatic wrist remained of the Ark and re-visit it in the U.S.A. As soon as the news reached Moscow the Tass News Agency proclaimed that the proposed expedition was merely an excuse for American espionage, and that any British aircraft flying over what is now Russian territory, would be shot down without warning.

This sudden concern on the part of the Soviet Government prompted a further statement to the effect that Noah's Ark was a national possession of the Russian people and that proper measures would be taken for its preservation.

Despite the claims of the Soviet Government, the question remains: Is the Ark still on Mount Ararat?

up the mountain. However, Dr. Fridolin Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, wrote in his book, "Armenia and the Near East," "The Ark stranded on Mount Ararat, where it was still seen up to very late times."

It was an amateur who forged the first link in the chain concerning the problem of the Ark. In 1911 a small expedition of the Russian Air Force was stationed at a village near Erzurum, about 30 miles to the southwest of Mount Ararat. On the morning of a very hot day in midsummer, Vasiliev Koskovitsky and a co-pilot took off for a routine flight. It is understood that on the previous evening a heated discussion had taken place in the mess concerning the possibility of Noah's Ark being on Ararat—although local tradition emphatically supported the story of its existence.

Koskovitsky was resolved to settle the question and made straight for the peak. After circling the mountain they returned to the southern slopes where a small patch of turbulent pebbles attracted their attention. Taking



* A Whoof from the Old Wolf. A wife made to order can't be composed in a really maid * To which he adds—rather wistfully: You'll find some of the best hardware stories on hotel registers * And that reminds us there once was an Indian Maid . . . but it took a fiver to do it * Post's Corner: Cockles of hove, carrots of whale, say the intonations of many a maid * Who and Otherwise: Many a man would be alive today if he hadn't tried to save enough to retire on * Give a man enough rope and he'll tell his wife he's tied to the office * Just because a man is polished is no sign he has a clean mind * Then, of course, there was the puzzled matron who was sure her husband was unfaithful to her; none of the children looked the least like him * Our True Psychologist says that if a man goes upstairs two steps at a time, he's probably an optimist; if he comes down stairs five or six steps at a time, he's probably a former optimist * "My uncle spent twenty-five million at a crossword day without winning anything," reports a correspondent—obviously off his nut * Our Fireworks News Item: Richard Richter, of the Bronx, N.Y., so bad for stealing his statistics of crime, explained: "They reminded me of my nail friends, so I took them home" * Instructions on a macaroonie pat: "Scoop out, twist lightly, and push off . . ." . . . is each year truer, we doubt * Bits of stuff in a suspect's trousers turn-ups recently provided the police with such hideously evidence, little bits of dust are always dangerous * And always remember that the reason why the average nappy would rather have beauty than brains is that the average man can see better than he can think * City High-Lights: We have recently encountered an eccentric supercheeser who inherited most of his uncle's estate; he married the daughter of his uncle's lawyer

OUR SHORT STORY. Said one mosquito to another mosquito, swooshing down a ways: "My god, what's the matter with you? You look terrible!" "Yes," said the other mosquito, "Stand well back; I think I've caught a trite scribble."

THE HOUSE OF **DOOM**

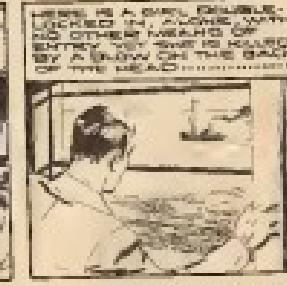
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"I AM GOING TO SET A MAN
ABOUT CANADA,
TO FIND OUT
TODAY WHERE
WE ARE THE
TOP OF THE
MOUNTAIN . . .



THE NEW ENTREPRENEURS WOULD
DON'T CHOOSE A WEAPON
ONE. THIS IS THE
ONE A WEAP







THIS IS THE ATHLETE
WHO CHAMPIONED
OUR TEAM AND...





CAN ADMIT HE FOUND
SOLVING THIS AND TOOK
THE CLOTHESLINE INTO HIS
CONFIDENCE.

YOUR MAM WAS KILLED
BECAUSE HE WAS THOUGHT
TO HAVE A LEAD.



COMING INTO THE CARS -
UNLUCKY ENOUGH, HE
CAN'T PLACE IT SHOTLY
HE DECIDES TO FOLLOW ALARM.



YOU GO AND SEE TO YOUR
MAM'S FUNERAL WHILE I
HUNT UP THE GUNSHOOTER.



WE CAN WORK OUT THE
MURKIE'S STORY, BUT
HE'S GOT A BULLDOZER
SHOOT HIM!



TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY FROM
THE CLOTHESLINE, I HAD
GONE DOWN BEHIND THE
TABLE, BUT COULD NOT
SEE ANYTHING.



I MADE A FOOL NOT TO
WAKE UP TO IT . . . YOU
KNOW, I TALKED TO YOU
ABOUT THE GUY
FREDDIE WITH HER, AND
I DON'T SUSPECT . . .



THIS IS WHERE ROCKY
DIED, BECAUSE HE GOT
ACID IN HIS EYES. HE DIED
OUTSIDE OF THE ROOM, IN THE
REST OF THE ROOM . . .



YOU DRIVE TOO SOON, MY
DEAR. NOW YOUR
CURIOSITY WILL BE
PUNISHED.



YOU BLUFFED ME INTO
DOING SOMETHING
THAT YOU THOUGHT
THAT GETTING WELL
COSTLY HERE.



SO, FOR SOMEONE WHO
MIGHT NOT KNOW ME, WITH
HIS RESEMBLANCE TO
THE GUNSHOOTER,



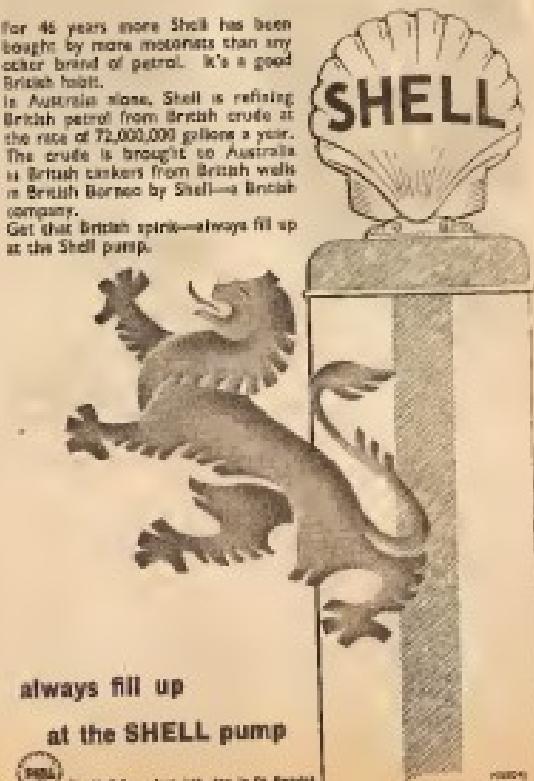


Get that British spirit

For 46 years more Shell has been bought by more motorists than any other brand of petrol. It's a good British habit.

In Australia alone, Shell is refining British petrol from British crude at the rate of 72,000,000 gallons a year. The crude is brought to Australia in British tankers from British wells in British Borneo by Shell—a British company.

Get that British spirit—always fill up at the Shell pump.



always fill up
at the SHELL pump



Tempest over Tilly

The boys just wouldn't keep away from Tilly . . . so the old . . . and Phil the Axeman was a real efficient . . .

JACK PEARSON • FICTION

TILLY was my mother's bane. "But, George," she used to complain plaintively to my father, "it isn't that the girl means any harm. It's just that she's easily led, that's all."

"Huh," my father (who was a man of few illusions) always replied. "Nobody ever got far enough ahead of that girl to lead her, they trip over her while she's waiting to be caught."

My mother refused to be convinced. Ever since the day when Tilly had first appeared in "lead a hand about

the house," my mother seemed to have formed a deep attachment to her and she never wavered. Soon the pair of them were bosom cronies and would often be seen walking closely to one another in corners. At least, Tilly did the courting and my mother did the listening. She had a lot of listening to do. Tilly was an accomplished liar and never at a loss for something to confide. My mother believed every word of it.

She even believed that the hunting season of bidding would which



"How at ya, man!" bellowed Old Sandy, burthening crackingly through the gro-

every evening congregating at our gate once for the pure pleasure of Tilly's conversation. They came from far across the paddocks in draught houses and bicycles and on foot, and they clustered around Tilly like bees.

"Gated houses I tell you not to come but they won't pay no heed to me," Tilly pronounced self-righteously. My mother believed that, too.

My father didn't. The more right of them used to inform him. He claimed that he needed a police escort

to clear a way through the mob. And when, as last returning home late one night—he cracked at the bath and found his fist glued to the gate by a large glob of chewing gum which one of Tilly's admirers had apparently deposited there and forgotten to remove, he was enraged beyond control.

"Either they go or we close!" he snarled at my mother. "Tell 'em that!"

My mother knew when my father meant business. Next day, I heard

CAVALCADE, March, 1931 81

ONE day in 1884, an anarchist at three a bomb and nearly killed Czar Alexander II of Russia in St. Petersburg (now called Leningrad). Although the guards did not find the would-be assassin in their search of the 1000-yard radius of the palace they did discover—in a supposedly empty bedroom on an upper floor—a peasant had run. This man had worked in a few years before and had kept them potentially ever since.

happens, you see," she added with a smile underneath of frosty, gloomy expression. "No, that's right," Tilly agreed reluctantly. "I don't suppose so. I don't suppose there is."

"The best thing is to rip it right in the head," my mother advised, concerning exceptionally blemished-like.

"Yeah, I suppose so," said Tilly again agreed, though still with some reluctance.

"Right in the head," my mother stressed. "The very right."

"What, right off taught?" Tilly objected, alarmed to be confronted with the necessity of instant action.

"Yes, this very night," my mother answered with unquailed energy. "It's all in the best."

She had her own way as the usually did. "If you say so, I suppose it is," Tilly concluded without enthusiasm. "Okay! When I see him tonight I'll tell him. I'll tell him everything you said!"

"That's a good girl, Tilly!" my mother applauded, as rep as the

success to pause to consider how Big Phil might be likely to react.

It was only after dark . . . when Tilly had left the house . . . that she began to have qualms. It means that she had counted on my father being at home that night. It was her mistake. My father had discovered that he had an urgent appointment at least . . . an urgent Business Appointment he impressed upon my mother . . . an appointment he couldn't possibly miss. My mother spoke coldly of all appointments business or otherwise, but my father was not to be disturbed. "I'll be right at home," he assured my mother cheerfully. "A cyclone comes, we to speak?" my mother snapped curiously.

Leaving his helpless wife and child to be butchered behind his back," she added bitterly as he disappeared in his baggage into the night. Watching the shadowy building close round the corners of the veranda, I shuddered of my father's death as fervently as my mother seemed to be doing.

She hastened to collect some gloves and picked up her sword with a determined swing. "Battered beyond belief" she muttered morosely to herself. The darkness seemed to sweep in a surging flood around the flickering lamplight that was before electricity and telephones and modern trappings had reached our portion of the world and I cautiously hitched my chair as near as I could to my mother's side without attracting unnecessary attention to any undue lack of courage. The night wind sighed mournfully in the eaves of the roof and something—or night horse? had a mouse-curtained under the long couch which stood against the wall. There seemed to be unpleasant suggestions in my mother's economy as they kept

up a steady snap-snap-snap. Outside, in the lightless, a Foreigner uttered a blood-curdling snarl. My mother and I were abominably too far.

"Our blood is on his hand," my mother accused my absent father, desperately pinching into her skin. The seasons flushed suddenly on her fingers and I averted my eyes.

A horrid gust of wind rattled the shutters, the gate clanged on its hinges, and the squeaking of the flying-doors started in a baneful shriek. There was a rushing noise through the glass and strong footfalls clattered the stairs.

"Here they are now!" my mother cried.

"We must die bravely," she added clutching the scimitar to her breast and adopting a stance which the obviously unprepared would have suited a female Sainte-Croix standing beside the pyramids and contemporaneously disentangling the tangles of a blossoming myrrh bush. It would have been an excellent impersonation of her legs hadn't permitted so shaking as violently.

I had never cherished any ambition to imitate a Sainte-Croix (brave or otherwise) and what I had heard of the fatalities had left me with little affection for that matronage.

Moreover, I was rapidly losing faith in my mother's skirts as a severe defense. I looked about me for a more refuge. Underneath the couch boards the wall seemed to offer a place of concealment. I took a flying dive in its general direction. Unfortunately, I recognized my mistress and started rapidly bodily on the landing. But not for long . . .

The back door crashed on us bludgeons with a resounding bang and I was instantaneous forced to open.

"Mama! Mama!", wailed Tilly, bursting into the room, "we're dead!"

"Oh, no God, no Tilly!" cried my mother, rapidly clutching at herself to make perfectly positive I didn't see anything. I wanted this to

"Yes You! We are. There's death. Tilly clutched with distraught desperation. "Or if we aren't we down well may well be . . . and it's Phil Plummer who's done it. It is?"

"What? Who?" my mother begged hysterically. "Oh, my God, no, Tilly! Not him!"

"You here?" Tilly panted. "I meets him tonight and I tell him everything like you do . . . about her being married . . . and about her having babies!"

"In Heaven's name, no, Tilly!" my mother exploded pitifully. "You didn't tell him that?"

"Yes, I did!" Tilly contradicted her. "And then he up and says that there's over the fence . . . and then he's coming here to do in the pair of us . . . you first . . . and me next!"

"Whatever protect us!" my mother moaned. "He should be here now instead now," Tilly assured.

My mother found her arms cast in a sweeping gesture of peace. The actions of her fingers played like a banished jewel. "What the wouldn't! Both the stars! Both the leaves!" she commanded urgently and almost compelled me into the blossoms in her hands to bury herself.

The last window had passed that when the other thought struck her. "The cat" she whispered perfumily. "Where's the cat?" "Out by the windowsill where it always is, I suppose," Tilly replied. "My God!" my mother prayed, gazing up at the floor. "Perhaps he won't notice it." Tilly gasped without optimism. "Blacks have very keen eyes," my mother informed us helplessly. "They notice everything!"

"Maybe he's only half black," Tilly

laughed. My mother waited her turn for the manuscript I felt she so rightly deserved. "We stood waiting at one another's front door," she said, "and my mother at last, reluctantly, said things like, 'There's no time to go outside and get it,' we just had to hope, and wait." "Aha me, we won't be waiting too long," Tilly predicted. If looks could kill, my mother would certainly have assassinated Tilly on the spot.

The Sympathetic in the figure continued to speak. "I know that would happen," my mother heard reluctantly. "Never anywhere has wanted... it's all your father's fault?" "Aha me, just a matter of who gets here first!" Tilly deduced dispassionately. My mother snarled her.

The wind rattled in the eaves, the circle of darkness seemed to grow narrower around the lantern-lamp, occasionally my mother would shiver and clasp by tawny hand with a terrified quiver and shuddering tremor. The Sympathetic kept up their squeaking.

"What?" urged my mother still more now. She should have saved her breath, Tilly and I had anticipated her. There was no doubt about it, somebody was visiting the house. The girls stopped, hearts thumped steadily up the path, at the bottom of the stairs they paused to listen. "It's him," Tilly however grappled. "Bash! Bash!" my mother chided her. "Foolish we're not here!" "What! I wrote the hell we weren't," Tilly retorted.

The boots stamped on the stairs and creaked. They began to make an unsteady circuit of the house in the general direction of the wood heap. There was a clatter of falling timber and the sound of a stifled curse.

"Shut up!" my mother whispered.

"He's gone to get the axe."

There was a faint "Wheee" and I knew that Ponto, my half-witted tea-terrier dog, was scampering noisily from under the house to investigate. "Grrr-rrr!" he growled, nosewagging and venturing on a sniffed bark.

"Grrr-rrr!" a voice growled back nonchalantly.

Ponto immediately burst into a cascade of happy pips. I descended him on the veranda steps and scolded him the grade of rascals (I didn't quite understand what it meant, but my father used it frequently in moments of emotional repartee).

"Grrr-rrr!" reported the house once even more vigorously. There was a dull thud-like a bang for some blunt instrument striking that Ponto exploded with one surprised yelp.

"My God! he's slaughtered Ponto," my mother answered in a whisper that chilled like a railway whistle. "An' now I bloody well ought" said Tilly. "Collier comes on in, it's 'treatised over!"

To me, Tilly seemed to have some points in her favour.

The boots again were a circuit around the house and began to knock, too! Tilly snarled. "He gets fishing and when he's drunk!" "Your father's to blame for this," my mother said me in open outrage. "Letting us be hatched behind his back!"

The boots tapped the stairs and paused on the veranda. Then they sounded on around it. "He bravos!" my mother answered Tilly and me. "It's at the end!" There seemed to be no good reason for dawdling it.

The boots turned the corner of the veranda and once more halted. Silence grunted patiently and sounded shrubbery or something. The boots fell to the floor with two

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QUOTING THE GHOST: So you want to live, eh? Well, your chances of getting a royal flush in poker are one in 63,578. But cheer up. A straight flush occurs once every 11,232 deals and a full-house occurs about every 628 times. And if you prefer books, your chances of having about a perfect hand—13 spades—are one in 63,491,288. Still, there's no need to be depressed . . . the horses and the dogs are much worse.

odd things. "My God!" my mother cried in alarm. "He's taking all his books so he can stay at an university?"

Many soldiers disappeared from the verandah and a number groaned. "I don't hear it," my mother declared recklessly. "We must see what he's up to out there!"

Walking on tiptoe, she cautiously crept towards the window. Tilly and I took up strategic positions on either side of her elbow. I peered nervously through a slit in the curtain. A faint head of moonlight shone through the glass of the verandah and those which on the laundry-washing which Tilly had piled there preparatory to tomorrow's washing. Cindy wrapped in the now-washed sheets, a dark, mysterious figure lay catatonic. It was completely covered except for a tangled mass of black hair. "We have all right, all right," Tilly mumbled in a reassuring whisper.

The figure in the sheets writhed spasmodically and wriggled itself off a mat-

ter, silent. My mother reacted much more sharply than she did. She pointed into Tilly's writhing bosom. "Clench! Stand off!" Tilly jerked, hurling me from her . . . apparently under the horrifying delusion that I was *Florencey*.

"He's writhing until we're obliged to have him strangle us in our beds," my mother concluded, by what process of reasoning I have never been quite capable of understanding. "We must get help before it's too late!" "Help! What Help?" Tilly echoed nervously, having obviously demanded all truth in my aid.

The figure on the verandah visited itself of a second اختياران sleep. My mother emerged suddenly as mysterious as her like a flash of lightning. "Sandy Clark! Old Sandy Clark!" she gasped, rapidly. "Why didn't I think of him sooner?"

She took the words right out of my mouth. I covered my mouth severely for not having thoughts of Sandy Clark sooner. He lived in a cottage about three-quarters of a mile across the paddocks and he was an old man—but still, he was a man and better than nothing on a night like this. "Go get him," my mother ordered, shoving at my shoulder. "What? What?"

"I answered in unconvincing surprise. "Old Sandy Clark and I were not on the best of terms after some small differences concerning a few trinkets which had vanished from his shop-front. "You, you!" my mother continued. "Before I could prevent her, she had pushed me through the back-door and locked it behind me. That did it. Compared with being left outside, alone with *Florencey*, Old Sandy Clark was a non-existent nuisance." I went.

I have no clear recollection of crossing the paddocks, but I can remem-

ber passing an Old Sandy's door. "Leave me! Leave me!" I yelled. "We're being murdered!"

I made a wild狂怒的 leap disconcertingly and naked noise uttered as the door, I heard Old Sandy strike a match and make a curse. He struck another match with trembling fingers and gradually an old lamp began to splutter.

"C'mon out C'mon out! We're all having our throats cut!" I followed, battering at the door with this and that. "It's murder, that's what it is!"

The door opened as suddenly I nervously escaped falling flat on my face. "Tilly! Tilly! Be still, lad!" commanded Old Sandy, leaping on the threshold. "There'll be no harm done."

"Well? These rats?" I said him. "Well, you see if you can stop it then. *Florencey*'s over at our place—with us!"

"*Florencey*?" berated Old Sandy automatically. "Show me the staircase."

Waddling ungracefully, he commenced to jog-foot towards the house. We padded together up the back-stairs. My mother remained at the door and provided a sparse atmosphere for us to enter.

"Thank God you're home," she welcomed Old Sandy, displaying every symptom of enthusiasm collapse. "Yeah, yeah, God!" Tilly exclaimed. "God helps them to help themselves." Old Sandy retorted piously, reciting the Serpent Women with an austere aspect ofunction. "Where is the drift?"

"Come!" invited my mother, keeping company with him by side, they peeped through the slit in the curtain. I gathered that the figure was still poised on the sheets. "It's a how bulk?" Old Sandy mumbled more or less to himself. The figure in the sheets growled hoarsely. Old

Sandy recited further than my mother did, but he recovered faster. "You're dangerous," he advised my mother after initial thought. "I have had ample opportunity to realize that," my mother replied slyly.

Old Sandy took a more ardent path through the curtains and searched reflectively at his table-wool.

He picked a third time and selected his wool some more. Then he seemed to settle on a plan of campaign.

It was a cold key-windows, reaching almost to the floor. "Be the one who?" Old Sandy told my mother. "Be as you throw up the window, I'll jump on him with both feet." "Yours, do that," Tilly supported him.

"Because of the past," my mother warned Old Sandy. "When I last fell no one knew by which he'd been hit." Old Sandy assured her with a smile of certitude.

He took a final peep through the window and prepared himself for the leap. "Sandy, son!" he cried out. "Yeah, yeah!" he responded. "Old Sandy" my mother told him with obvious tenderness. "There, go!" Old Sandy roared. The window was flung up with a bang. "Hiss at ya now!" bellowed Old Sandy, hurling through the air with a crash of cracked glass. "I have ya, *Florencey*, ye drunken duf!"

An intense blast passed from the previous form on the window. The violent tearing of hairs was drowned by a scream of desperation from my mother at the window.

"*Florencey*!" my father's voice was an odd indigitation as he blanched mortified to red because of his own consciousness of Old Sandy Clark and his after-appraisal hangover. "Who shall slay that old *Florencey*?" They pushed him drunk and dishevelled before I left the pub."

Murder is a hard thing to manage with complete compunction . . . even when an Efficiency Expert is playing a rôle.



BLACKMAIL in the red

JULIUS CAESAR, the efficiency expert for Waddell, Toys & Games Co., adjusted his glasses and checked the list of figures on his desk. When he finished his count, he leaned back in his swivel chair and smiled. The report showed a considerable saving over the previous month, a considerable and furthermore, more

Caesar was pleased with himself, with his own efficiency. He was a small man—medium, perhaps, slightly bald—and he enjoyed his position immensely. There was a great satisfaction in telling the owner of the company that he couldn't buy this, couldn't spend that. It was power, and Julius Caesar loved power, loved

it as only a small man can.

The phone on his desk rang. The smile left Caesar's face as he leaned forward. He became briskly businesslike. Lifting the receiver, he spoke so abrupt, "Yes!" into the mouthpiece.

"There's a Mr. Harry Nichols calling, Mr. Caesar," the switchboard girl's voice replied. "Will you speak to him?"

Caesar hesitated. He became cautious. He had known Nichols before. Some of the pictures dimmed from his face.

"All right," he said, at last, "put him through." His voice was hoarse.

The girl made the connection. A nasal voice spoke Caesar's name. Caesar answered automatically.

"I just thought I'd call," said Harry Nichols. "Just sort of available."

"What do you want?" Caesar demanded stiffly.

"Now is that a nice way to talk to a friend? A friend calls available and you treat him like a disease. Is that a way?"

Caesar tried to keep the nervousness out of his voice as he repeated his demand. "What do you want, Nichols?"

"Okay, okay. If it's got to be blackmail right off, we've got to be. I'll tell you what, I got a chance to make a good deal, see? But I need some dough. About five hundred. We're dead."

"I told you a month ago," Caesar began. "You promised to destroy the letters if I gave you \$250. Why haven't you kept up your end of the bargain?" The voice grew weakly threatening. "I won't give you another cent. Not one more cent!"

"They're such nice letters," the nasal voice sighed mockingly. "They read so pretty. Especially the one

that starts, 'Dearest Lenore.' That's a corner. Your wife would love that one, wouldn't she, Caesar?"

Sweat trickled down the small man's round forehead.

"You wouldn't dare. Not my wife. You wouldn't dare."

"I don't blame you for feeling that way," Nichols laughed. "Not that you gave a rap about the woman herself. No. But she has a nice place of change in the bank. You'd never get a chance at that if I showed her the letters."

Nichols' voice became dead earnest. "I'll tell you what, Caesar. I'll give you a break. I could keep making you wait you were dry, if I wanted to. But I'll give you a break. You can have the letters for five hundred. Give it to me in a hump suit and I'll slip the letters right into your palm."

"But I haven't got that much," Caesar pleaded. "I never I hasn't."

"You could raise it. Besides, you'll get ten times that from your wife sooner or later."

Caesar straightened in his seat. Nichols was right, he decided. He never held a determination ring as he said. "All right. I'll take it somehow. When do I meet you?"

"To-night okay?" At first, Caesar had been too twelve.

Caesar breathed. "You, to-night," and hung up.

For a long time Julius Caesar sat very still. Bands of rage still stood out on his hunched shoulders. Finally he took a deep, hunched breath from his pocket and stopped his face. He felt a little better. There was plenty of time until after dark, time enough to worry them.

The report on his desk still waited a signature. His pen scratched as he signed. The desk blitter dried the

If you're disposed on eye-witnesses and a jury, where would you choose—men off the street or a group of college-trained men, specially alert? Well, you're wrong. In an experiment at Harvard University's T.U.E., a mock murder was staged before students. Not one in six agreed on the number of killers, and descriptions of the weapon ranged from a pair of knits to a revolver. Not one guessed the correct weapon—a long, thin knife.

seated, and he rose from his seat. It felt good to walk out of the office—like leaving a prison cell. His feetsteps echoed as he marched, almost briskly, down the corridor to Conner Wendell's office.

Conner Wendell, president of Wendell Toys and Games, was a stout, sturdy headed man, with great, bushy eyebrows.

It was he who had seen the need of efficient experts, who had hired the efficiency expert. Conner, however, was made aware, from the first day of his employment, that he was nothing more than a necessary evil. Mr. Wendell despised efficiency experts, especially brash little men who thought on being petty.

Conner knocked on the office door, then entered. Wendell's secretary showed him into the president's "inner sanctum." For the tenth time, as he stepped into the comfortable private office, Conner tried to think of an excuse to cut expenses by making Wendell do without a secretary.

President Wendell nodded his great head at Conner.

"I have my report for last month, Mr. Wendell," said the small man. "I'd like you to check it. You'll see the results of my methods."

Wendell accepted the report wordlessly. He turned over it swiftly. A protest welled up in him at the third line.

"Two secretaries fired? Why?"

"Mr. Rose and Mr. Morgan are leaving the same girl now. And is the future Mr. Morris will use a telephone for his decisions?"

Wendell started and went back to the last. A moment later he said "Oh, come now, Conner. You're really too much. Boys never seem to catch on. What good will it do to remove desk lamps from all the offices?" And how much can we possibly save by refusing all letters with postage due?"

"Mr. Wendell," Conner said briskly, "you hired me to save you money—in order to do that I must have a free hand. More than that, I must have co-operation. These seven will save almost \$20 a month in electricity. The stores like that will add up to a twelve-hundred-a-year saving. Item eight is also a very small saving, but—"

Mr. Wendell interrupted by signing his resignation. Waving his hand slightly, he said. "All right, Conner. I guess you know your job. This report shows you're getting results. I'll say no more."

Conner smiled his triumph. He enjoyed Wendell's amazement.

He enjoyed rolling men . . . there was even a small library of Magazines, a gold-tasseled couch with its hand made silk waistcoat holding its pocket, hanging on the wall in his bedroom bureau. Mr. Conner was even im-

paled to realize the posture as he passed at the corner in the hallway to introduce her to before leaving for the office.

Beyond the louvered walnut-paneled door and the sedately massaging hand, there was little resemblance to be observed between Mr. Conner and any human eagle . . . let alone the Eagle of France. If anything, he was vulgarine . . . unless that too, could be taken as a kind of vulgarity. But love . . . especially self-love . . . is notoriously blind, and Mr. Conner was more than satisfied with what the mirror showed him.

So, to-day, he was more than usually complacent with himself.

In fact, he was in such an exultation of mild ardour that he completely forgot the drawing voice of Harry Nichols, whispering his mendacious accusations on the telephone. His mind was too full of his own private pleasure. Obviously, his tongue lashed over his lips like a cat snarling savagely.

Not by a quarter to nine that evening Conner had forgotten his victory. Once inside his little master denoted him. It was almost time for his appointment with Harry Nichols.

Conner had gone home for dinner after work, had spent an endless two hours with his wife. Finally, at eight o'clock, making an excuse, he left home.

In the inside pocket of his overcoat he carried an envelope containing today's driven from the book that afternoon. His right hand pocket was weighted down with a folded portfolio.

The small man entered the Grandland Hotel at five to nine. He rode the elevator to the fourth floor. His face was pale as he marched through the deserted corridor, noted the stu-

way east, then turning north towards. He rapped sharply.

Nichols opened up immediately. He squatted at Conner's, settled, and seated as the small man entered.

Conner waited uncomplainingly while Nichols shut the door. He stared at the thickminded book. Nichols was slightly taller than himself, a blackhaired man, reddened, pockmarked, shiny. Conner hated him; hated him, not because Nichols could force him to do things, Conner disliked anyone with more power than himself.

"Come in see you again, Mr. Conner," Nichols said, turning from the door.

Conner was annoyed by the man's politeness. It gives him a feeling of being played with.

"Where are the papers?" he asked suddenly.

Nichols studied him, and somehow appreciated dismal cases like his husband's face. His nasal voice lost its pedophile tone as he said. "I don't like you, Mr. Efficiency. And I don't trust you. You're always so benevolent, so that's how well it is now. Let's see the money first."

Conner was suspicious, but he took out the thick envelope. Nichols reached for it. The smaller man will draw it quickly.

"The letters," he said.

Nichols removed a packet from his pocket. There were five letters. Conner looked his lips when he saw them. What a fool had been to write them. It wasn't like him to lose his head over a woman.

But it had been one of those things . . . she had seemed so—so—so—enticing . . . as different from everything that he had ever before encountered in his ruthlessly commercialized, materialistic existence. She had

SOCIAL enterprisers and other
wretched scoundrels may insist
that we are not still living in
the Middle Ages, but consider
the case of 78-year-old Mr.
George Williams Hart, of
Sparta, Colleton, South Caro-
lina (Stepford). Since he
was 26, Mr. Hart has been
engaged in robbing every
woman by a secret process.
Mr. Hart has now success-
fully extorted his honest
(but family secret) bankroll
for people as the child in
China and the United States.

seemed as different from his wife,
from the typists and secretaries he
bedeviled at the office . . . she had
been something right out of his world.
He hadn't meant to allow himself
to drift as far as . . . but it had hap-
pened. He couldn't even say he had
gone into it with his eyes open. It
just happened . . . and now—
"Let me look at them," he said,
holding out a shaking hand.

Nichols hesitated and opened the
valuable one by one. He held up each
letter in turn and Cesar recognized
the handwriting.

"There's how we do it!" Nichols said.
"I don't want no trouble with you
so here's what I figured out. I'll stick
the letters in a hotel envelope
and address it to you. We'll mail
it right outside the chute. Then
you give me the dough and we're done."

"Why don't you just hand me the
letters?" Cesar protested. "I'll give
you the money. Why make a fuss?"

"Because I don't want no kid

gones," Nichols replied. "You know,
like, 'You give me first' No, you
give me." If I hand you the letters,
you might try to run off without
paying. And I know damn well you
won't give me the money first. So
we don't play games. We drop the
letters in the mailbox and that's that."

"What's to prevent me from running
out once they're mailed?"

Nichols laughed. "I figured that
too. The mail don't get picked up
until ten o'clock. Right up to that
time, with the hotel manager watching
for me, I can get the letter back."

"He passed," then said, "It works
your way, too. You watch me and
then. You pay out. Then you sit
here with me until after ten, so you
know I don't pick them up."

Cesar shuddered, nodded. The plan
was good, and safe. It satisfied him
he knew Nichols' big office address
for the envelope. It wouldn't do to
have his wife get hold of the letters
now.

Nichols finished addressing, wrote,
"Room 128" under the hotel address,
explained, "In case I have to identify
it," and pasted a stamp in the upper
right-hand corner. Cesar watched
him slip the letters in and seal the
envelope.

They left the room together and
Nichols dropped the letter in the
mail chute. Cesar followed the
blackmailer back to his apartment.

The small man stared at the back
of Nichols' head as he fumbled his
key in the lock. Cesar felt differently
about the man now. He had nothing
to fear from him. He felt contempt, a desire for revenge. The
worry and hate he'd known in the
past months ended up in him.

"See how easy?" Nichols was say-
ing, lightly, as the door swung in.
"Everything's settled. You give me



No other
movie magazine
tells the
Hollywood story
so well as

PHOTOPLAY

the money. We sit and talk a while and—well—?"

Nichols' back was still turned. Conner left the gun in his pocket. He didn't intend using it—or had he? It was true Nichols made him carry it, he told himself. But now the burden of fear was lifted. And it would be felt. Strongly.

His hand whipped from his pocket. Mercedes shapes clutched the weapon, not as a gun, but as a heavy lump of meat. The girl, swaying in a high, swift arc, came down on Nichols.

Mercedes cracked softly on bone.

Nichols dropped, without a sound. Conner stood over him, panting. His face was flushed.

A sense of power flowed through him, more power than had ever felt before. He'd never done anything like this before.

Stamping quickly, he reached the fallen man. Nichols didn't seem to be breathing. Conner felt for a pulse. There was none. It was unbelievable. One minute there was life, and the next—slow, purgatory death. He died so easily.

Conner rose, backed into the corridor, and closed the door. He ran down the hallway toward the stairway exit.

The next two days were the happiest in Conner's life. He worked hard at the job he loved; shelled suddenly at unnecessary expenditures. He was completely unburdened, unwarred. Within him burned a fierce sense of freedom. He was out of the only shadow in his life.

On the second morning Conner waited for the letter. It didn't arrive in the first mail, but he refused to worry. There was nothing delaying its delivery; at least nothing.

16 CAVAILLAGE, March, 1951

An hour later a ten-cent phone ring. The switchboard girl announced, as an excited voice, that two men were on their way to the station. They just passed through, she told him. They were policemen.

Conner responded, "Thanks," and hung up. Peter mounted on him. Who were they here? They couldn't possibly have traced him.

He rose and started for the door when it opened.

Both men were law-breaking and impossible. They towered over him. Their distorted faces.

"Conner?" one asked.

He nodded dully.

"We're from headquarters. Headquarters. We want you to come along with us. There are more questions about the murder of Harry Nichols."

"Harry Nichols?" Conner asked. "Harry Nichols? I don't know a Harry Nichols."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Conner"—Conner felt a bewilderment urge at the man's tone—"you know Harry Nichols. He was blackmailing you, remember? And you killed him."

Conner gasped. "I didn't!" as he watched the big man take an envelope from his pocket.

"You probably would have gotten away," the detective said. "If it weren't for them."

"But I needed them here," Conner persisted weakly. "How—?"

"And they got him, too," the detective replied. "Yesterday they got him. Not sooner as this company was saving money. This morning they were back at the hotel."

The big man held forth the envelope. Conner stared at it. His eyes grew hot, and stung, and burned.

Screamed in pain, he read the word, "Richard." And stamped in red ink, the words, Postage due \$1.



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Talking Points

POST-ARMED?

For better or for worse, we live in an Atomic Age and the A-Bomb has come to be regarded as something of a bogey among the very existence of mankind. For facts on the capabilities of the A-Bomb . . . its dangers . . . its potentialities . . . its weaknesses, read Mark Hoge's article "After The A-bombs—What?"

GENTLE GIANT:

The American West has a reputation for trigger-happy heroes who shot first and spoke afterwards; and the story of the Plains is inferior to those heroes. He crested low down a pair of spurs. But not all were cast in the same mould. Jack Horner, in his story, "The Gun Speaks Gently," has presented a gunsmith with a difference! Bill Tolpison is an almost unknown quantity in Western lore, but as Horner reconstructs him, he must have been one of the most forbearing of them all.

SHADES OF NOAH:

For centuries, the belief has existed that the original Noah's Ark still rests there or lies silent—on Mt Ararat. Ancient histories have discussed it in their chronicles; others claim to have photographed it; a United States expedition to search for it was not long ago banned by the Soviet Government. In his article, "The Secret of Ararat" (Page 66), Charles Mathews

tells of the various expeditions that have been made to locate the Ark, and adds some of the bizarre stories which surround it.

DOOR TO DOOR:

Pity the poor salesman . . . especially the door-to-door variety—he earns his money the hard way . . . and some of the types he meets would prickle the hairs of even the Chamber of Horror's most depraved den. In "Doorsteps and Streetwalks" (Page 12), world权威, Gerald Rydman-Groves, takes you behind the scenes for a swift tour.

NEXT MONTH:

In memory of that grey dawn in Asia some many years ago, CAVALCADE next month publishes a special article by a man who was there . . . E. V. Thomas . . . who has since become one of Australia's leading novelists. Tomar's experience account has to be read to be believed. We offer first, we heartily recommend Cedric Manderley's "Creeks Without Claws," and a weird account of the Cobb & Co. days, "Whips Were Cracking." Fantasy, adventure, sporting and a most debonair article are just what CAVALCADE readers need. Further, includes a CAVALCADE Vignette with Stingo . . . "Red Hot Water," by D. Dalton . . . and a Jack Pearson horror story, "Cavern of the Creep."



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